

Sir Courtly Nice :

O R,

It cannot Be,

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by His MAJESTIES
Servants.

The Second Edition.

Written by Mr. Crown.

L O N D O N,

Printed by M. B. for R. Bently, in Russel-street,
Covent-Garden, and Jos. Hindmarsh, at the
Golden-Ball over against the Royal Ex-
change in Cornhill. M. DC. XCIII.

The Names of the Persons.

Lord Belguard. { *Leonora's* Brother, in love
with *Violante*.

Sir Courtly Nice. { A Fop, overcurious in his Diet and
Dress : In love with *Leonora*.

Farewel. { A young Man of Quality and For-
tune, his Rival.

Surly. { A morose, ill natur'd, negligent
Fellow, in love with *Violante*.

Crack. A young subtle intriguing Fellow.

Hothead. { A cholerick Zealot against Fana-
tick.

Testimony. A Canting Hypocritical Fanatick.

Violante. { A Lady of Quality and Fortune,
in love with *Belguard*.

Leonora. { *Belguard's* Sister, in love with
Farewel.

Aunt. { *Leonora's* Governess— an old A-
morous, envious Maid.

Scene Covent-Garden.

To

To his Grace the Duke of ORMOND, Lord
Steward of His Majesties Household, Chancel-
lor of the University of Oxford, Knight of
the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

May it please your Grace,

THis Comedy was Written by the Sacred Command of our late most Excellent King, of ever blessed and beloved Memory. I had the great good Fortune to please Him often at His Court in my Masque, on the Stage in Tragedies and Comedies, and so to advance my self in his good opinion; an Honour may render a wiser Man than I vain; for I believe he had more equals in extent of Dominions, than of Understanding. The greatest pleasure he had from the Stage was in Comedy, and he often Commanded me to Write it, and lately gave me a *Spanish* Play call'd *No Puede ser*: Or, *It cannot Be*. out of which I took part o' the Name, and design o' this. I receiv'd the Employment as a great Honour, because it was difficult; requiring no ordinary skill and pains to build a little Shallop, fit only for the *Spanish* South Seas, into an *English* Ship Royal; but I believe my self able for the Work, because he thought so, who understood me and all Men, better than I only knew my self, encourag'd by a Royal judgment that never was mistaken, I have attained a success I never should have met with, had I only followed my own feeble Genius, which often deceives me. That I may enjoy the little fortune I have got with the better reputation, and not ramble the World like a bold outlaw, observing none but my self, I make this humble Application to your Grace. I am sure all the World will approve my choice. I cannot be guilty of Flattery if I would; nor slander Wit (if I had any) by fulsome and wanton Paintings. Here will be no Tryal of skill how I can praise, Nature has done it to my Hands, and devis'd and expos'd finer Ideas, than I am able to Translate. A gracefulness of Person, excellence of Understanding, largeness of Heart, a Loyalty, Gallantry, Integrity, Humility, and many Qualities above my description. Fortune also has been more wise than usual, she frequently honours and enriches others to her own disgrace—but here She shares in the Praise, and Commends her own Wisdom, in what She bestows on your Grace. She has advanc'd Honour in Advancing you, Titles, Greatness and Command may be proud, they have attained you. Wealth has a value in your Hands. 'Tis no vile pardon, poor flatterer, servile Lackney, wretched Prisoner; but excellent Minister of a just wise and liberal Prince. shou'd I mention all the Qualities, that have long gained you the highest Honours from Prince and People, I should rather seem to describe a Province than a Man; for what single Province can afford what are at once in your Grace, a General, a Statesman, a Courtier, and all in perfection; and which is rare in such company, a Martyr. What has your Grace both done and suffered, for our Religion, Laws, Liberties and Honour? And not only in the former times of Rebellion, but the latter of Confusion? When the pretended *Protestants* of the times, out of their Zeal against all *Papish* Doctrines, abhor'd you for adhering to good Works.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

As an *English-man*, I am bound in justice, to pay you all the Honours I can. You have been an Ornament, and support to the Crown and Church of *England*, both in your Person and Posterity. Many great Men no doubt have sprung from your example, but none equalling those descended from your self. The late brave Earl of *Ossery*, advanced the Honour of our Nation, both by Sea and Land. 'Tis hard to say in which Element he made us most renown'd, and for which Virtue. He was no more to be vanquished by falsehood than fear; Loyalty, Fidelity, and Gallantry, are Virtues inseperable from the House of *Ormond*; we find e'm in every branch of it, and at all seasons. The Earl of *Arran*, Attacked in the late days of Confusion, a Bloody, Popular, and Formidable Error in its Camp, Fortified and Defended by all the strength of *England*; and for ever secur'd his own, and so much of the Publick reputation as was entrusted to him; managing that charge with the same Wisdom, Justice, and Fidelity he has done the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and many other great Commands, for the Honour and Service of the King. In the Young Earl of *Ossery* we have great assurances, the Grandfather and Father shall live in him, and receive the last rewards of Virtue Men are capable of in this World, to have their Honour and Happiness extend beyond their own beings. And herein the History of your Grace seems a Comment on the Fifth Commandment, you have always Honoured the Father of your Country, and your Days of Honour continue long in the Land, in your own Person, and your Illustrious Race. A useful President to *England*.

That I may approve my self an honest and grateful *English-man*, is one reason of my Address: I have also other obligations on me. Your Grace has been a Princely patron and encourager of Poetry; a Pleasant but Barren Country where my Genius and Inclination has cast me. I am entangled among the inclinations of it, though it affords nothing but a good Ayre, a little vain Reputation, and we must climb for it, and shall miss it too, if envy or ill nature can hinder us. There were no living, if some great Men elevated not only in Quality but understanding above the rest of the World, did not Protect us from these *Barbarians*, because they know us. I beseech your Grace then give me leave to pay my Duty to you. Many and great are your Revenues in Honour, in the Camp, the Court, the Church, and the whole Common-wealth of Learning. The Poet may be employed as well as the Historian. I have made but a small Collection, but I have put it in hands that I hope will not soon embezzle it. This Comedy has rais'd it self such a fortune in the World, I believe it will not soon run away. Give it leave to Honour it self with your great Name, and me with the Title of,

May it please your Grace,
Your Graces most
Humble and
Obedient Servant.

John Crown.

The Prologue.

What are the Charmes, by which these happy
(Isles
Hence gain'd Heaven's brightest and eternal
(smiles ?

What Nation upon Earth besides our own,
But by a loss like ours had been undone ?
Ten Ages scarce such Royal worths display
As *England* lost, and found in one strange Day.
One hour in sorrow and confusion hurld,
And yet the next the envy of the World.
Nay we are blest, in spite of us 'tis known,
Heavens choice for Us was better than our own.
To stop the blessings that oreflow this day,
What heaps o' Rogues we pild up in the way ?
We chose fit tooles against all good to strive,
The sawciest, lewdest, Protestants alive.
They wou'd have form'd a blessed Church indeed,
Upon a Turn coate Doctor's lying Creed.
To know if e're he took Degree is hard,
'Tis thought he'l have on in the *Palace* Yard,
Plot swallowsers sure will Drink no more stuff down,
From that foul Pitcher when his Ears are gone.
Let us rely on Conscience, not on Cheats,
On Heavens wisdom, not on Juglers feats.
How greatly Heaven has our great loss supplied ?
'Tis no small Vertue heales a Wound so wide.

Nay

The Prologue.

Nay in so little time to reer our Head,
To our own wonder, and our Neighbours dread.
They see that Valour Crown'd with regal Power,
They oft have seen what Lawrels Crown'd before.
Verse is too narrow for so Great a Name,
Far sounding Seas hourly repeat His Fame.
Our Neighbours vanquish'd Fleets oft wasted o're,
His Name to theirs and many a trembling Shore ;
And we may go by His great Conduct led
As far in Fame as our Forefathers did.
At home he milder ways to Glory chose,
God like, by Patience he subdued his Foes ;
Now they and their designs are Ruined all,
Beneath their fallen, accurst, Excluding Wall.
These are not all the blessings of this Isle,
Heaven on our Nation in a Queen does smile.
Whose Vertue's Grace by Beauty shine so bright,
All the Fair Sex to Vertue She'l invite ;
And all the Clouds turn to a glorious Day,
By that Illustrious paire's united ray,
Who both Reform and Grace Us by their sway.

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Epilogue.

Epilogue.

*'T*Is a hard Case, an Audience now to please,
 For every Pallat's spoy'd with some Disease.
 Poor Plays as fast as Women now decay,
 They'r seldom car'd for after the first day;
 How often have I heard true wit call'd stuff,
 By Men with nothing in their Brains but Snuff?
 Each Shante Spark, that can the Fashion hit,
 Place his Hat thus, role full Forsooths a Wit;
 And thinks his Cloaths allows him judge of it.
 The City Gallant, the Exchange being done,
 Takes Sword at Temple-Bar which Nice stuck on.
 Comes here and passes for a Beaugarzoon.
 Audacious Vizards too, so fast do grow,
 You hardly can the Virtuous from 'em know.
 Nay Parents now not likely can endure,
 Their Childrens faults, but what is worse procure.
 Of Old the Mother full of Parent sway,
 Kept Miss a Vassal to her work all day;
 And to the Wooing Spark Miss was not brought,
 But some fine Golden thing her wheedle wrought:
 Now you shall meet young Lady and her Mother,
 Rambling in Hackny-Coaches masqu't together;
 Yes, and to say the truth, to work they go,
 Fine work but—such as they will never shew.
 Unless some Nott to draw a Fool to Wed,
 And then he finds Miss rare at work a Bed.
 But the Grand Randevouz is kept of late,
 Exact at Nine, hard by o're Chocolate,

Sad

Epilogue.

*Sad fate, that all the Christian Youth o'th' Nation,
Should be oblig'd to Jews for Procreation.
Nay, what is worse, that's, if reports be true,
Many a Christian Gallant there turns Jew;
That is, so oft some rotten Strumpet plyes him,
The Chirurgion's forc't at last to Circumcise him.
Our Bridges-street is grown a Strumpet Fair,
Where bigling Bawds do Palmb their rotten Ware.
There Fowler like the watching Gallant Pores
Behind his Glove, to get a shot at Whores;
And from his tongue lets flye such charming Words,
That strait he carries off the wounded Birds.
Another waits above in the great Room,
Till a new Cargozon of Strumpets come.
There by three Glasses plac't the Affected Dunce,
Acts you Four Courtly-Nices all at once;
Our Gallerys too, were finely us'd of late,
Where roosting Masques sat cackling for a Mate.
They came not to see Plays but act their own,
And had throng'd Audiences when we had none.
Our Plays it was impossible to hear,
The honest Country Men were forc't to swear:
Confound you, give your bawdy prating o're,
Or Zounds, Ile fling you i' the Pit, you bawling Whore-
This Comedy throws all that lewdness down,
For Virtuous Liberty is pleas'd alone:
Promotes the Stage to'th' ends at first design'd,
As well to profit, as delight the Mind.*

A
COMEDY

Call'd

Sir Courtly Nice :

O R,

It Cannot Be.

A C T. I.

*Enter at several Doors Leonora and Violante.
Scene, Lord Bellguard's House.*

Leo. MY Dear—

(*they embrace*)

Vio. My Dear, how is it with thee? What amendment
in thy Brothers humour, and thy condition?

Leo. None.

Vio. Oh! thou break'st my heart, for I love him extreamly, and am, I think,
as well belov'd by him; but whil'st he has this Disease upon him so mortal to Li-
berty, dare venture on him no more, than if he had the Plague, or any other
Distemper dangerous to Life. For what is life without Liberty? To be his
Wife is worse than to be a Ghost, for that walks and enjoys a little chat some-
times, but I must be laid by a Conjuror call'd a Husband for my whole life, I
would not be a Queen on the terms; no nor on any terms, because a Queen
is confin'd to Forms, so fond am I of Liberty; but next to that I love your
Brother; I would give all the World to cure him, is there no way?

Leo. None that I know off.

B

Vio. Must

Vio. Must we then be for ever unhappy, I in the loss of him, and you in Eternal Slavery ?

Leo. I might have Liberty, but on such tears—

Vio. What Tears ?

Leo. Marriage with such a Coxcomb, you know him— Sir Courtly Nice.

Vio. A tempting Man, he has a vast estate.

Leo. But incumber'd.

Vio. With what ?

Leo. A Fop, 'tis morgag'd to a thousand expensive Follies, if it were not, I wou'd not drink water for the sake of a fine Bowl chain'd to the Well. The Youth I love has a fair and free Estate.

Vio. Mr. Farewel is it not ?

Leo. The same.

Vio. Ay, but he's forbidden Fruit.

Leo. I know it to my sorrow.

Vio. What's the reason ?

Leo. History must tell you. There has been a pique between our Families since the Conquest ; none were thought truly of our Blood, that had not that Scurvy in it ; because mine began to sweeten, my Father almost suspected my Legitimacy ; and left me no Fortune but on condition I retain'd the Ancient mark of our House.

Vio. There arises then your Brothers great Authority. He has the disposal of your Fortune, by consequence of your Person ; Fortune is all Men seek now. They are so cow'd from Marriage, they will go Volunteers into a Battle but must be prest to marriage ; and 'tis the Shilling does it.

Leo. Too true, But I believe Mr. Farewel of a more generous temper, he addresses still.

Vio. It may be he does not know how it is with you, you have the Fame of Ten thousand pound.

Leo. And the Money too, if I Marry with my Brothers consent, not else.

Vio. That's hard, but Mr. Farewel has enough for you both.

Leo. Ay, if he will venture on me ; yet if he will I know not how to come at him, I am so watch'd, not only at home but abroad. I never stir out but as they say the Devil does, with Chains and Torments. She that is my Hell at home, is so abroad.

Vio. A new Woman.

Leo. No, an old Woman. or rather an old Devil ; nay worse than an old Devil, an old Maid.

Vio. Oh ! there's no Fiend so envious.

Leo. Right, she will no more let young People sin, than the Devil will let 'em be sav'd, out of envy to their happiness.

Vio. Who is she ?

Leo. One of my own Blood, an Aunt.

Vio. I know her, she of thy Bloud ? he has not had a drop of it, these Twenty Years ; the Devil of envy suck'd it all out, and left verjuice in the roome.

Leo. True, this Aunt hangs on me like a daily Ague ; but I had rather endure her, than be cur'd by such a nonsensical Charm as Sr. Courtly is. And nothing else can be applyed to me ; for to assist my governing Aunt, there is a whole Army of Spies in the House ; and over them two Spies General : And there my Brother thinks he shews a Master-piece of Policy.

Vio.

Vio. Why? what are they?

Leo. Two, that will agree in nothing but one anothers confusion. The one is a poor Kinsman of ours, so fierce an Enemy to Fanaticks, that he cou'd eat no other meat; and he need no other Fire than himself to roast 'em, for he's always in a flame when he comes near 'em, his Name is *Hot-head*.

Vio. And I warrant thee the other is a Fanatick.

Leo. Oh! a most Zealous Scrupulous one; with a conscience swaddled so hard in its Infancy by strict Education, and now Thump'd and Cudgel'd so sore with daily Sermons and Lectures, that the weak ricketty thing can endure nothing.

Vio. Certainly these two, must make you sport.

Leo. Oh! their faces, Dresses, Names are jests. The Fanatick's Name's *Testimony*.

Where is my Lord? Where's my Lord?

{ *Hot-head*
{ within.

Leo. Oh! I hear my Cholerick Cousin *Hot-head*.

Enter Hot-head.

Hot. Where's my Lord? Where's my Lord, I say?

Leo. What wou'd you do with my Lord?

Hot. Call him to an account if he were not my Cousin, cut his pate, it may be Cudgel him. Heaven be thank'd to Cudgel a Lord is no *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Leo. What's the reason of all this anger?

Hot. He affront's me, he invites me to live in his house, and then keeps a Fanatick to make a jest o' me. He knows I sweat when I see one.

Leo. May be he has occasion for one.

Hot. What occasion? He is not in a Plot, is he? Fanaticks are good for nothing else that I know of.

Leo. Why not? Toads are good for something.

Hot. Ay, when they are hang'd and dried, so is no Fanatick. He is such a canker'd Rogue, he does mischief when he's hang'd; let him spread Ink upon Paper and it raises blisters.—But here the Rogue is.

Enter Testimony.

Sirrah! Sirrah, What's your business in this House, Sirrah?

Test. What Authority have you to examine me, Friend?

Hot. Friend, you Dog! call me Friend, I'll knock you down Sirrah.

Test. Poor Soul — poor Soul —

Hot. You are an Impudent Rascal to call me poor Soul — Sirrah, I have a Loyalty and a good Conscience, and that's a better Estate, than any of your Party have; and if you live in the House with me, I'll settle it on you with a Pox to you.

Test. Yes, Mr. *Hot-Head* I know you well enough, I know you would hang us all if you could.

Hot. I need not Sirrah, for Heaven be prais'd now you begin to hang your selves; I knew when *Tyburn* was bestow'd upon the Priests and Jesuits, the Fanaticks and Re-publicans wou'd not long be without it, for they are very fond of all Church Laazds, come, Sirrah, if you live here, I'll make you turn over a new leaf, I'll make you go to Church, Sirrah.

Test. That's more then you do your self Mr. *Hot-head*, you go not often to Church.

Hot. What then? I'm for the Church, Sirrah. But you are against the Church, and against the Ministers, Sirrah.

Test. I cannot be Edified by 'em, they are formal, weak, ignorant, poor Souls—Lord help 'em—poor Souls.

Hor. Ignorant? you're an impudent Rascal to call Men o' their Learning Ignorant; there's not one in a hundred of 'em, but has taken all his Degrees at *Oxford*, and is a Doctor, you Sot you.

Test. What signifies *Oxford*? can't we be sav'd unless we go to *Oxford*?

Hor. *Oxford* don't lye cut o' the road to Heaven; you Ass.

Test. Pray what do they learn at *Oxford*? only to study Heathens; they'll talk of *Aristotle* in the publick, they may be asham'd to name *Aristotle* among civil People.

Hor. Oh! you Sot.

Test. Our Ministers are powerful Men. Oh! Forsooth I wish you [to *Leo*.] were under one of our Ministers; you wou'd find they wou'd pierce you forsooth; they wou'd go to your inward parts.

Hor. This Rogue is talking Bawdy.

Test. They would shew you the great—great sinfulness of sin, that sin is one of the sinfulness things in the whole World.

Hor. You senceless Rascal, what should be sinful but sin? what should be foolish but a Fool?

Leo. Are not these a ridiculous Couple?

Test. come this is very provoking, and very prophane; I shall have a sad time on't in this wicked Family.

Hor. Wicked! Sirrah: What wickedness do you see in this Family?

Leo. Ay, Mr. *Testimony*, now we are all concern'd, what Vices do you find among us?

Test. Suppose I see not many Vices, morality is not the thing; the Heathens had morality, and forsooth would you have your Coachman or your Footman to be no better Men than *Seneca*?

Hor. A Coachman a better Man than *Seneca*?

Leo. I wou'd have him be a better Coachman than I believe *Seneca* was.

Test. Ay, and a better Christian too, or woe be to him. But truly I see great wantonness even in your self forsooth,—the very Cook debauches you.—

Hor. How? call the Cook! — Cook! — Cook! —

Leo. The Cook debauch me, Sirrah?

Test. I mean by pampering you, Morning, Noon, and Night with one wanton kickshaw or another.—

Vio. You Coxcomb.

Leo. Sot.

Hor. Rascal, I thought the Cook had layn with my Cousin—Sirrah, you deserve to have your bones broke. Well Sirrah, since you find my Lords Table is too lusty, I'll have it guelded; I'll make you keep *Lent*, and fast *Wednesdays* and *Frydays*.

Test. I will not, I abhor it, 'tis Popery.

Hor. Then you shall fast *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*.

Test. And then the Family will slander me, and say I do it out o' contradic-tion,—I will not do it, I do not love to grieve the weak.

Hor. To grieve the strong thou mean'st, thy own strong stomach.

Test. You are offensive.

Hor. I will be more. I will watch you Sirrah, and know why my Lord feeds such Rascals.

Test. I tarry not for his feeding, the Family is a sad Family, and I tarry out of pure Bowels.

Hor. Out of empty Bowels, which you have a mind to fill, and it may be you may fill other empty bellys, I mean among the Wenches, some of you Godly Rogues play such tricks some times. I'll watch you Sirrah. [Exit.

Test. And I'll watch you, my Spirit rises at this Man exceedingly. [Exit.

Vio. These are a pleasant Couple.

Leo. Is not my Brother politick? These are to see no Provisions for wantonness be convey'd to me from abroad, and be sure they will not agree to deceive him. And that I may have none at home, My Brother will not venture a handsome Servant in the house; he swears he will not be Brother in Law to er'e a Butler or Footman in *England*; and he has cull'd for his Family, the most choice pieces of deformity he cou'd find in the Nation. I believe they are now altogether in the Pantry, and my Aunt among 'em distributing their Breakfasts—the Monsters will be worth seeing—open the Door.—

The Scene is drawn, and a Company of Crooked, Wither'd, ill look'd Fellows are at breakfast, and Aunt with them.

Aunt. How now? Who open'd the Door without my leave? Neice, this is one o' your Girlish tricks, will you always be a Child? Will you never learn staidness and gravity, notwithstanding the perpetual Counsel you have from me, the perpetual displeasure I shew at all sort of youthful Follies; do not you know how I hate impertinent Youth?

Leo. Or any sort o' youth to my knowledge. (aside.)

An. Do not I always tell you how fine a thing it is to be Grave; that Youth with Gravity, is very passable, and almost esteem'd equal with years? Very wise Persons will not be ashamed to match with Grave Youth; daily experience shews it, and will you never leave? Fye—fye—fye—I wou'd not for the World any Wise Sober Person o' Quality that has an Inclination for you, shou'd ha' seen this rudeness in you, to Expose your Aunt in this manner, in her undress; it might ha' created in him an aversion for you.

Leo. An aversion to me, to see your ill dress? (aside.)

An. Madam, I hope you'l pardon the liberty I take in your presence.

Vio. Oh! good Madam.

An. Oh! Madam—pardon me—I know I commit a Solecism in good Manners,—but you are a Lady that has a great deal o' goodness, and a great deal o' worth—

Vio. Oh! sweet Madam!—

An. Oh! Madam! our Family has found it—you are pleas'd to Honour us with your Friendship. We may venture to expose our Frailties before you, Madam, you'l be so good to pardon—Madam—

Vio. Oh! Madam!—

An. Well really Madam—I wonder where my Neice learns her wantonness, we are the most reserv'd Family in the World. There were Fourteen Sisters of us; and not one of us married.—

Vio. I st possible?

Leo. To your great grief—

(*aside.*

An. We were all so reserv'd. Oh! Madam! no Man durst presume to think of us; — I never had three love Letters sent to me in my whole life.

Vio. Oh! strange!

An. Oh! we were very reserv'd. Well Madam I am very much out o' Countenance to appear thus before you.

Vio. Oh! Madam, every thing becomes you Madam.

An. Oh! you are very obliging Madam.—Do you hear Neice—learn o' this Lady?

Leo. To flatter you.

(*aside.*

An. Madam I am extream unfortunate, the affairs o' the Family call me away from your sweet Conversation.

Vio. the misfortune is mine, Madam.

An. Oh! sweet Madam your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your humbler Servant dear Madam. Ha! ha! ha! what ridiculous peice of Antiquity is this? Thy brother has a great Honour for his Family since he will keep such a relick of his Ancestors as this. [Exit Aunt.]

Leo. All the House is of a piece.

Vio. Nay if thou learnst lewdness at home, thou hast a great Genius to it.

Leo. Well, what do you think of my condition?

Vio. I like it.

Leo. Like it?

Vio. Ay, for I perceive your Brother has put the whole force of his Wit into this Form of Government; now if we can baffle it, he will find it is a dream fit for nothing but *Utopia*; and never torment himself and his Friends with it any more, then he'll be a faultless Creature, and all of us happy in our Loves. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Your Servant good my Lord.

Bell. Your most humble Servant Madam.

Leo. My Lord, why do you call him Lord? he's a Doctor and curing me o' the Palpitation o' the heart, Falling-sickness, Convulsions in the Eyes, and other such Distempers.

Vio. A Doctor? a Quack by his False Medicines; shortly we shall see him mount the Stage, or stand at the *Old—Exchange* and cry a Cure for your Horns, a Cure for your Horns.

Bell. I'm glad to see you so pleasant Madam.

Vio. How can I otherwise chuse my Lord, and see your Family and Government.

Bell. Faith, Madam he that will have a Garden must inclose it, and cover tender Plants: this is a very blasting age to Virtue, 'twill not thrive without a covering.

Vio. Ay, but my Lord, you force your ground too much, what Horns wou'd not grow in your Soyle? When wou'd not your Forehead sprout? Were I your Wife and thus kept, I shou'd spread like a Vine, and all the Walls in *England* wou'd not hold me.

Bell. I'm not o' that opinion, Madam.

Vio. Why shou'd you thing better o' methan your Sister?

Bell. I judge very well of her, but must speak freely I think few Women may be trusted in this life, this World is, and ever was a great brothel; where?

or

or with whom may a Woman be trusted? with ancient Ladies; they are the chief Beauty Merchants, venders of fine Love.

Leo. Ladies o' that Profession.

Bell. Oh! the most excellent, and most in Employ. Pedling Women cry Scotch Cloath of a groat a yard, stuff only fit for Footmen. But wou'd you have fine Beauty, Choic of Beauty, and with ease Security and Decency? go to your Lady Merchants; in Common houses the work is manag'd as slovenly as Religion in Conventicles, enough to put one out of conceit with it; but in Brothels o' Quality, Iniquity is carried on with that venerable order wou'd intice any one to Devotion.

Vio. Fye! fye!

Bell. And with that security. A Man may there enjoy a Lady whilst her Husband holds her Cards.

Leo. And shall the Lady o' the house know o' these things?

Bell. And manage 'em too; break the Lady to the Lovers hands; that's the advantage o' Quality, if a young Lady has not a natural amble, a poor Bawd cannot have access to teach her.

Vio. What can a Lady o' Quality propound by such doings?

Bell. Oh! many things. As Presents; and Pleasures. She has her house full of good Company, her Ears full of wanton Stories; her Eye full of tempting Sights, and now and then her Lips get a close kiss. Oh! Madam! do you think it does not warm an Elderly Lady's blood, to have a brisk young Sparkalways by her side? he is her Liquor of Life, and though she never gets a full draught, a tast cheers her heart.

Leo. Who are these Ladies? where do they live?

Bell. Oh! you'd feign be acquainted with 'em? no such matter; and yet I'll tell you where they live.

Leo. Where?

Bell. Almost every where; where there is an Amorous Atmt, or over-indulgent Mother.

Leo. Mothers? will Mothers corrupt their Daughters?

Bell. Ay, or if they wont Daughters will corrupt their Mothers. Things are so inverted, that Ladies who were honest all their Youth to be like their Mothers, turn lew'd in their old Age to be like their Daughters. There never was such an open and general War made on Virtue; young ones of Thirteen will pickeere at it, and by that time they are Twenty, they are risen to be Strumpets General, and march in publick with their Baggage, with Mifs, and Mafs, and Nurse and Maids, and a whole train of Reformade sinners, expecting the next Cully that falls.

Vio. You talk of paltry huffes.

Bell. Very good Gentlewomen.

Leo. Gentlewomen o' those employments.

Bell. Ay, purchase 'em. I have known a fair young Lady give all her Fortune to attend a Man o' Quality in his Bed-Chamber; be his chief Gentlewoman.

Leo. Suppose so, what's all this to me? If they be bad must I be so?

Bell. Truly Sister, a rambling Woman let her be never so good a manager will be apt to bring her Virtue as a Traveller does his Money, from a Broad peice to a brafs Farthing: But say she does not, is reputation nothing? and let me tell you, Reputation will hang loose upon a galloping Lady; you may as well go among high Winds and not be ruffled, as among Men and not have your good Name blown over your Ears.

Vio. These Winds blow where they list. A Woman is not secure at home from Censure.

Bell. But you must allow a Jewel is not so safe in a Crow'd as when lock'd up.

Leo. Lock'd up? do you think to lock me up?

Bell. I think to secure thee, my dear Sister.

*Women like Cheney shou'd be kept with care,
One flaw debas'd her to common Ware.*

[Exit.]

ACT II.

Scene Violante's house. Enter Violante and a Servant.

Vio. IS Mr. Farewel coming?

Ser. Yes Madam, he's just at the Door.

Vio. That's well, if this brisk young Fellow, has but Love enough to undertake this work, and Wit enough to go through with it, we shall all be happy.

Enter Farewel.

Fa. Where's your Lady? Madam, your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your Servant Mr. Farewel; you are a happy Man, young, rich, and in the Ladies Favours.

Fa. I'm glad to hear that, Madam; who are these Ladies Madam? a day, and hour of Youth and good Fortune is precious; and Ladies like Birds must be aim'd at whilst they hop about us, miss that opportunity you may loose 'em for ever. Therefore the Ladies, good Madam, quick, quick, for if you defer but half an hour, they'l be in love with some body else.

Vio. No Mr. Farewel, there is one Lady more Constant, you'l own it when I name her; my Lord Belguard's delicate young Sister. What say you to her?

Fa. I adore her.

Vio. And dare you attempt her?

Fa. Dare I?

Vio. Ay, for do not you know you are the only Man forbidden her.

Fa. Do I know of what Race I am, Madam? Never was such a pack of Fops as my Lord Belguard's Ancestors and mine. They lov'd wrangling more than we do intriguing; kept Lawyers instead o' Wenches, and begot upon their bodies, a thousand illegitimate Law Suits, the Terms they observ'd as duly as the River does the Tydes, and Land was carried too and frow, as mud is in the Thames. Nor were their quarrels so bitter about Land, as place; so big were their great hearts, they cou'd not come into one Room together, for fear of loosing place. My Lord Belguard's Father to end the difference, most piously endeavours to be a better Man than any of his Ancestors. That is to say a Lord.

Vio. And then the strife ended?

Fa. Was

Fa. Was more enflam'd. For my Lord was more insolent, as having Authority under the Broad Seal to be Proud, by Consequence my Father more enrag'd; and both the old Gentlemen contended who shou'd have the greatest Estate in malice, and attain'd to be very considerable, and when they dyed, endeavour'd to settle it all upon us. But truly the young Lady and I most prodigally consum'd all our Portions at one look, and agreed to cut off the wicked Entail.

Vio You did well, but how will you accomplish your desires? her Brother has such guards upon her.

Fa. Oh! 'tis Decreed! nor shall thy Fate oh! Brother! resist my Vow, though Guards were set on Guards, till their confounded Coxcombs reach'd the Skies, I'd o're 'em all——

Vio. You are in a Rapture.

Fa. Ten thousand when ever I think of her.

Vio. But how will you do this?

Fa. I have leagu'd with a Witch; at least a young Fellow that has more tricks than a Witch; he was a poor Scholler at Oxford, but expell'd for studying the Plack Arts.

Vio. For Conjuring?

Fa. Yes, Madam, not only any Man's Pigs or Poultry, but Wife or Daughter into his Chamber. Nothing cou'd scape him, and he scap'd every thing. The Proctors watch'd more diligently for him, then a Benefice, and cou'd never catch him. The Grave Doctors abhor'd him worse then a Heresie, and studied more to keep him out of their Families, but he confuted their Skill, and they cou'd no more light upon him than on a jest.

Vio. I long to see him.

Fa. I order'd him to come hither to me.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's one Mr. Crack enquires for you, Sir.

Fa. That's he——bring him in.—

Enter Crack.

Mr. Crack your Servant.

Cr. Your Servant Sir, your humble Servant, Madam.

Vio. Your Servant Sir, I am told you have been an Oxford Scholler.

Cr. A Scholler Madam? a Scholler's Egg——emptied by old Suck-Eggs, of all that Nature gave me, and crumbl'd full of Essences, Hypostases, and other stuff o' their baking.

Vio. Why did not you apply your self to Divinity?

Cr. Leave Wenches for Pigs, Madam; 'tis true I may Wench then too, but it must be with Fear and Reverence, I hate that.

Vio. Why wou'd not you be a Phylitian?

Cr. A Gold-finder Madam? look into Jakes for bits o' money? I had a Spirit above it. I had an ambition to be of some honourable profession; such as People of Quality undertake. As for instance, Pimping. A Pimp is as much above a Doctor, as a Cook is above a Scullion; when a Pimp has foul'd a Dish, a Doctor scours it.

Vio. This is an arch Blade.

Cr. Oh! you are pleas'd to say so, Madam; 'tis more your goodness than my desert.

Fa. Well Mr. *Crack*, you know what you have undertaken.

Cr. Ple do't—The Lady's your's—Give me some Money.

Fa. There, there.—

Cr. Gold! thou Sun o' the *Sun*, and Brother o' the *Stars*, Nutmeg o' comfort, and Rose o' delight, as my Friend the King o' *Persia* calls himself,—what can'tt thou not do great Prince, if I be thy chief Minister?— (Exit.)

Vio. This is a notable Fellow,—our next Plot must be to secure your Rival Sr. *Courtly Nice*.

Fa. Hang him, he secure's himself by his Fopperies, she despises him.

Vio. Not many Lady's do so.

Fa. Oh! no, Madam, he's the General Guitarre o' the Town, inlay'd with every thing Women fancy; Gaytry, Gallantry, Delicacy, Nicety, Courtesy.

Vio. And pray put in Gold too.

Fa. True Madam, Oh! the Ladies love to have him in their Chambers, and play themselves asleep with him.

Vio. Well, I have provided one shall thrumble on him.

Fa. Who's that?

Vio. *Surley*.

Fa. Oh! Fire and Water are not so Contrary, Sr. *Courtly* is so civil a Creature, and so respectful to every thing belongs to a Gentleman, he stands bare to his own Perewig. *Surly* uncovers to nothing but his own Night-cap, nor to that if he be drunk, for he sleeps in his Hat. Sr. *Courtly* is so gentle a Creature, he writes a challenge in the stile of a Billet-doux. *Surly* talks to his Mistress, as he would to a Hector that wins his Money. Sr. *Courtly* is so pleas'd with his own Person, his dayly Contemplation, nay his Salvation is a Lookingglass, for there he finds Eternal happiness. *Surly's* Heaven, at least, his Priest is his Claret Glass; for to that he confesses all his Sins, and from it receives Absolution and Comfort. But his Damnation is a Lookingglass, for there he finds an Eternal fire in his Nose. In short if you would make a Posset for the Devil, mingle these two, for there never was so sweet a thing as Sr. *Courtly*, so sower as *Surly*. But how will you get 'em together? for nothing has power over *Surly*, but Claret and the Devil.

Vio. Yes I have. Heaven is pleas'd to think the Devil himself has not mischief enough to plague that ill-natur'd Rogue, and joyns me in Commission with him to torment him with Love; he loves me.—

Fa. Love? can he love?

Vio. So much, he neglects his Claret for me; and comes hither hourly to perform his Devotions to me, but in such a slovenly manner; 'tis such a Non-Conformist to all decent Ceremonies.

Surley? Where's your Mistress?
within. S

Vio. Here him, we'll ha' sport with him. He abhors his Love worse than Murder or Treason, for those are mischiefs to others, but Love he accounts High-Treason against his own damnable Person; and he's more ashamed of it, than he would be of a Beasts Taile, if it grew out of him. Therefore I'll conceal, and do you charge him with it, you shall hear how he'll renounce it, then will I appear like Conscience to a sick debauch, and you shall see what an aukard Penitent he make him. (Exit.)

Fa.

Enter Surly.

Fa. Honest Surly, how do'st do?

Sur. Prethee look in my Water.

Fa. In thy Water?

Sur. Ay, for I don't love to answer impertinent questions.

Fa. Is it impertinent to enquire after the health of a Friend?

Sur. A Friend? thy talk is more boyish than thy Face. Do'st thou think there are such Friends? thou believ'st there are Mair-maids and Centaures I warrant; for such Friends. Monsters that grow to some other Beasts, and are the least part o' themselves?

Fa. Why? hast thou no concern for any Beasts but thy self?

Sur. Yes Bird, for many things for my own sake; for Witty Men whilst they drink with me, handsome Whores whilst they lye with me, Dogs, Horses or Cattle whilst they belong to me; after that, I care not if the Wits be hang'd, the Whores be pox'd, and all the Cattle bewitch'd.

Fa. A very generous temper.

Sur. 'Tis a wise and honest temper. The pretended good nature is ill nature; it makes a man an Ass to others he bears their Burden, a Rogue to himself, he cheats himself of his quiet and Fortune. I am so very honest to my self, if the whole World were hang'd it shou'd not rob me of a Minutes ease, I thank Heaven for it.

Fa. Was ever such a Barbarian?

Sur. Thou'rt an Ass; which is the *Barbarian*, he that eats Man, or the Man that's eaten? The Rogue that grieves away my Flesh eats me, and is a *Barbarian*; so is he that with vexation gnaws himself; I am no such Cannabal.

Fa. Hast thou no compassion?

Sur. I know not what it is.

Fa. Suppose you see a Man o' Quality in misery.

Sur. Let him be in misery and be damn'd.

Fa. Are you not concern'd for his Quality?

Sur. The less for that, because if he fancies the whimsey he has it to please him.

Fa. To trouble him.

Sur. Then to comfort him I'll tell him he's the Son of a Whore, and his Grandfather rose by Pimping.

Fa. Suppose you saw a Man o' parts unfortunate?

Sur. Let his parts Look after him.

Fa. They'll afflict him.

Sur. Then to quiet him I'll tell him he's an Ass.

Fa. Have you no charity? do you never give any thing to the Poor?

Sur. As much as any Man.

Fa. Whats that?

Sur. Nothing.

Fa. Does no Man give any thing?

Sur. Not to the Poor; they give it to themselves; some Fools have Diseases in their Natures, they never see any one in pain, but they feel half on't, and so they give money to ease themselves.

Fa. Ha' you no love for any thing?

Sur. I have Appetite.

Fa. Have you no love for Women?

Sur. I ha' Lust.

Fa. No Love?

Sur. That's the same thing, the word Love is a Fig-Leaf to cover the naked fence, a fashion brought up by *Eve*, the Mother of Jilts, she Cuckolded her Husband with the *Serpent* then pretended to modesty and fell a making Plackets presently. And her Daughters take up the Trade, you may import what Lewdness you will into their Common-wealth, if you will wash it over with some fine Name. You may proclame at Markat-cross, how great an Adorer you are of such a Womans Charms? how much you desire to be admitted into her Service; that is, how lusty a Centaur you are, that the Horse in you is much the Major part, and she shall receive all this without a blush, whilst the Beast trots to her under the Name of a Lover; when if she had any Wit she'd know, a Lover is a more impudent name than Whoremaster; for a Whoremaster throws all his Bombs at a whole City, your Lover wasts all his upon a single House. That when a Woman desires a Lover, she desires to have the whole Brute to her self.

Fa. Ha! ha! ha!

Sur. What do you laugh at Sir?

Fa. Only that your Mistress has heard your learned Discourses Sir. Pray appear Madam, and own you have lost your Wager, is he a Lover or no?

Enter Violante.

Sur. Here's a young Treacherous Rogue.

Vio. Yes—a Brutal one—are these your Sentiments of Love Sir? was it this you meant when you talk'd of Love? when we grow Lovers do we degenerate into Brutes? I thought there was a generous Passion, of which a Beast cou'd have no more sense, then he has of Musick or Poetry. And to such Love you pretended Sir.

Sur. I'll whedle her,

(*aside to Fa.*)

So I do still Madam, but why must I let a Boy Catechise me? I have that Musical, Poetical, Fantastical love, you speak of, and a pox on me for it; you'll neither be my Slipper, nor my Shooe, my Wench to Slip on and off at pleasure, nor my Wife, that is a Whore buckled on.

Vio. You are charming in your expressions.

Fa. Mr. *Surly*, Madam, is a mystical piece, to be understood like a Prophecy, where Rams and He-Goats stand for Kings and Princes. Mr. *Surly's*, rank expressions must signifie Virtue and Honour.

Vio. No, no, they signifie his own filthy meaning; and the truth is, love has no other sence, in this corrupt Age. Now if a Woman by blushes or otherwise, confesses she thinks a Man, a fine Gentleman, he to requite her sends her presently a Libel call'd a Billet-doux, where he in fine words telis her to her Face, he thinks her a Wench, and invites her to lye with him. This ruins all Conversation, Men are always driving their brutal appetites to the plays, the Court, to Church, like Drovers their Beasts to every Market; and there's no conversing with 'em, unless you'll take their Cattel off their hands.

Sur. Madam I love you in your own fashion, admire you, adore you, and the Devil and all, what wou'd you have?—Now will this simple Jade believe me?

Fa. He calls you simple Jade, Madam, and says you'll believe him.

{ *aside to*
Fare.

Sur.

Sur. You Malapert Boy, why do you meddle in my business ?

Fa. 'Tis my business, she's my Friend, and I wont see her abus'd.

Sur. A Friend to the Woman loves your Enemy, Tom-Fool ?

Fa. No, she hates him, and has quarrel'd with him, and I wou'd ha' had you step into his room.

Sur. Oh ! oh !

Fa. Now who's the Tom-Fool ?

Sur. I am, look you Madam, that Rogue despair made me talk like an Ass, and I am sorry for it.

Vio. I know you are Sir, I know your base desire is for your punishment ; confin'd to my Eyes, and I'll use you as you deserve.

Fa. Come, Madam, let me interpose ; though you will not receive Mr. Surly as a half-Horse, you may as a whole Ass, a Drudge, you know you have business most agreeable to his ill Nature, pray employ him.

Vio. Well ; I'll make trial of him, you pretend you love me Generously.

Sur. Yes, and Damnably.

Vio. Know then my Lord *Belguard*, is (as I have of late perceiv'd) sunk with the rest of the Age, into base opinions of Love and Women, that I am angry I ever had a good thought of him.

Sur. Good.

Vio. Look upon his address to me, as an affront, and will revenge it.

Sur. Better and better.

Vio. And you shall do it.

Sur. Best of all.

Vio. Do not you know Sir *Courtly Nice* ?

Sur. That you shou'd joyn knowledge with such a Fop ? 'tis a question to be put to a Boy ? I may know Philosophy, but to ask a Man if he knows a Horn-Book ? for such a thing is this Fop ; guilded on the out side, on the inside, the Criss Cross row, and always hanging at the Girdle of a Girl.

Vio. You have describ'd him right. This Fop has my Lord *Belguard* entic'd to accept his Sister with no Fortune, but her Birth and Beauty. Now if you'll break the Match, you'll be to me the most amiable Creature in the World.

Sur. Or the most damnable, if you Jilt me.

Vio. In earnest of a farther favour here's my hand.

Sur. There's the Devil in it. 'Tis transforming my shape, I am growing a Womans Ass, I feel the Ears prick out o' my skin already ; and I must hoof it away with her load of Folly upon my back. Well I am thy Ass at present, but if thou Jilts me, I will be thy Devil. (*Exit.*)

Vio. 'Tis the fittest Office for thee ; thou art so like one already, you may pass for Twins. Now Mr. *Farewel* let's go in and Laugh. (*Exit.*)

Scene Lord Belguards House. Enter Hot-head and Testimony.

Test. He shall not speak with her, I dont approve of it.

Hot. You approve Sirrah ? what ha' you to do ?

Test. I have Authority.

Hot. You Authority ?

Test. Yes, from my Lord.

Hot. You had it then out of his Kitchen, Sirrah ; the Beef o' the Nation breeds

all the Maggots in the Peoples heads. I am sometimes tempted to throw down their Porridge-pots, and spill the Divine Right of Presbitery. In short my Lord is a man of honour, and you have belyed him Sirrah.

Test. It is well known I make a Conscience.

Hot. Ay, you Rogues making o' Consciences is a great trade among your Party, and you deserve to loose your Ears for it.

Test. I mean I keep a Conscience.

Hot. Y'ave reason Sirrah, it keeps you; but that an honest Lord shou'd give money for a Rogues false Conscience. — Oones! —

Test. Well but dont swear.

Hot. Sirrah, who swears?

Test. Dee hear? — dont swear I say.

Hot. Oones! Sirrah, don't preach to me.

Test. Don't swear then.

Hot. Sirrah, if you preach to me, I'll cut your Pate.

Test. Had I a Sword 'twere more than you cou'd do.

Hot. How now Sirrah?

Test. Nay but don't throttle me, don't Godfrey me.

(takes *Test.* by the throat.)

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. What's the noyse? what's the rudeness, Cousin *Hot-head*? you a Gentleman, and make a Bear-Garden of a Person of Honours house?

Hot. Better make a Bear-garden of it then a Conventicle; here's a Fanatick Rogue ordain'd ruling elder ot'th' Family by my Lord, as the Rogue says, so he undertakes to Govern and Preach.

An. And you undertake to Govern and correct? Cousin no body Governs here but I; if he had committed faults, you shou'd have brought him before me.

Hot. Oh! you'd have him enter'd in your Office?

An. What do you mean? obscenely? you are confident. You are the first Gentleman that offer'd to say a wanton thing to me.

Hot. To your great sorrow.

(*aside.*)

Enter Leonora.

Leo. What's the quarrel here?

Hot. There's a Taylor wou'd fain speak with you.

Leo. All this noyse to introduce a Taylor?

Hot. He can't get through this Fellows narrow Conscience, yet there is room for a whole Common-wealth.

An. Call in the Taylor; there must no Cloaths be made without my orders, that I may see 'em modest.

Leo. A Taylor? I order'd no Taylor.

(*aside.*)

Enter Crack.

An. How now, Sir? what are you?

Cr. A Taylor, Madam.

An. Who sent you? I know you not.

Cr. Your own Taylor, Mr. *Stitch*, Madam.

An. How chance he came not himself?

Cr. He's sick, Madam.

An. And can you work well, for we are very hard to please? There's scarce a Taylor

a Taylor in Town can make me endure to see my self.

Leo. The fault lyes in — Fifty — Fifty. —

(*aside.*)

Cr. Indeed Madam, I must needs say my Country men are not the best Taylors in the World. This is a fine Nation, and all spoyl'd by the Taylors. Heaven makes the Women Angels, and Taylors make 'em Hedg-hogs; 'tis a sad sight to see 'em, now I'll make an Angel of a crooked Pin.

An. Ay, where did you learn your Skill?

Cr. In France, Madam.

Test. In France? then Friend I believe you are a Papist.

Hor. Sirrah, I believe you are a Presbyterian.

Test. Friend, if you be a Papist I'll ha' you before a Justice.

Hor. Sirrah, if you be a Presbyterian, I'll kick you down Stairs.

Test. What are you Friend?

Hor. Ay, What are you Sirrah?

Cr. What am I? why, I'm a Taylor, I think the men are mad.

An. Intolerable; Mr. Testimony pray leave us, and Cousin Hot-head, I shall desire the same of you, unless you'll behave your self like a Gentleman.

Hor. I will behave my self like a Gentleman, for I'll know of my Lord when he comes home, if he has given this Rogue Authority over me; if he has I'll demand Satisfaction of him; if he be innocent woe be to your prick-ears, Sirrah.

Test. I fear you not.

(*Exit Hor.*)

An. Mr. Testimony, I once more desire you'll give us liberty.

Test. Yes, Forsooth, I dare trust the young Gentlewoman with you, Forsooth — you are a grave — Gentlewoman and in years — Forsooth. —

An. In years, rude Clown. —

Test. And truly she's a very pretty sweet Woman, and deserves to have great care taken of her.

Leo. Well Sir, we'll excuse the care at this time —

Test. Pretty Woman —

(*aside.*)

Leo. Pray leave us —

Test. Sweet Woman — I profess she's strangely alluring, I had best retire lest I fall into frailty, and be discover'd.

(*Exit.*)

Cr. Now, Madam, before I take measure of you, I'll shew you some Patterns — please you to look upon some Madam, you have judgment. —

(*to the Aunt.*)

An. Let me see.

Cr. To you, Madam, I wou'd recommend this piece.

Leo. Mr. Farewel's Picture? oh! I Sirrah! now I guess thee — my Dear —

(*kisses the Picture.*)

Cr. Have a care o' your Aunt Madam. — I have a Letter too. —

Leo. Give it me — quick — quick —

An. These are pretty Silks.

Cr. The best in France, Madam.

Where's my Sister?

(*Belgard within.*)

Leo. My Brother? I hope he does not know thee.

Cr. No, if he does I'm a dead Man.

Leo. Hast thou no disguise for fear he shou'd?

Cr. Only this great pair of Spectacles.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Lord Belguard.

Bell. What Fellow's this?

Leo. A Taylor.

Bell. Not your Taylor?

An. No, he's sick and sent this Fellow in his Room.

Bell. How comes such a young Fellow to wear Spectacles?

Cr. Young my Lord? I'm above Five and Fifty.

Bell. Thou bear'st thy age well.

Cr. Ay, every where but in my Eyes I thank Heaven.

Bell. This Fellow may be a Bawd for ought I know, I'll watch him. *(Exit.*

Aunt views the Patterns, Bell. stands behind his Sister,

and watches Cr. Cr. mean while puts his Measure

before, and delivers her a Letter.

Cr. Well, Madam, I perceive your Ladyship likes the Pattern I shew'd you first.

Leo. I have seen the whole piece.

Cr. And your Ladyship likes it?

Leo. Oh! very well.

Cr. I'll assure you, Madam, you'll like it mightily when 'tis upon you, and you have a sweet body to work for. I do not doubt Madam, but to get a great deal o' credit, and a great deal of Custome by you among the Ladies, as soon as ever they see my work.

Leo. Well let's see your work, and I'll say something.

Cr. That you shall & speedily, Madam, I'll bring you home as sweet a piece o' Work, as ever you had in your Life. You'll look upon the Pattern I shew'd you last?

Leo. Yes.

Cr. That's for the inside; do you like much Bombast, Madam?

Leo. No.—

Cr. Well, Madam—I ha' taken a Surveigh o' your fine Body—now you shall be pleas'd according to your own hearts desire———your Servant
Madam— *(Exit.*

Bell. Well Sister---prepare to receive a Visit from Sr. Courtly Nice, this Afternoon.

An. Oh! dear! then I must dress. He's a great Critick. *(Exit.*

Leo. She designs him for her self, wou'd she cou'd get him. *(aside.*

Bell. Sr. Courtly and I have agreed; pray give him your promise.

Leo. So Soon? 'twill be fullsome, he's abstemious.

Bell. Therefore take him whil'st he has an edge.

Leo. You use to despise Fools, how chance you marry among'st 'em?

Bell. Because none but Fools will marry. Wits are but few and commonly poor; Fools are numerous and rich. Fortune is as fond of those bits of Men, as Bigots are of Reliques; wraps 'em in Silver.

Leo. Better they were buried. A Fool in a Coach is like a Knife in a Pillow, the Object of publick derision.

Bell. Oh! there are few to deride 'em, many to admire 'em, so many, I have, oft admired how one Apple,

Shou'd such Diseases in old Adam breed.

That from his Loyns rot Men, but Worms proceed.

[Exeunt omnes.

A C T III.

A C T. III.

*Scene, Covent-Garden-Square. Enter
Farewel and Crack meeting.*

Fa. O H! the News! the News! art thou an Angel or a Devil? bring'tt thou Joys or Torments?

Cr. Joys! joys! joys!

Fa. Angel! Angel! Angel!

Cr. In the first place I deliver'd your Picture.

Fa. Rare.

Cr. And she kissed it.

Fa. kissed it?

Cr. Sweetly, wantonly, lasciviously. She set me so on fire, I kiss'd all the Wenches as I came along, and made their moyst lips fiz again.

Fa. Oh! Rogue! Rogue! delicious Rogue.

Cr. Then I deliver'd the Letter, and before her Brothers face.

Fa. Before his face? ha! ha! ha!

Cr. Prepare this Night to be the happyest o' Mortals. Give me some more mony.

Fa. Mony? I'll sell my Land rather than thou shalt want. That one Inheritance will purchase me two, one in Love, and another in laughing at this politick Brother.

Cr. No, no, Inheritances as for laughing, I believe you will have an Annuity for life; but for Love you'll only have a lease for three or four Years.

Fa. Pleasant Rogue! here's Money.

Cr. So, so, I wish you joy, I wish you joy.

(Exit.)

Fa. See Surly going to my Rival; my affair thrives admirably.

(Exit.)

Enter Surly. Knocks, enter a Servant.

Sur. Is *Nice* within?

Ser. *Nice* Sir?

Sur. Ay, *Nice* Sir; is not your Masters name *Nice*.

Ser. 'Tis Sir *Courtly Nice*.

Sur. Well Sir, if I have a mind to clip his Name, 'tis not Treason, is it Sirrah?

Ser. I believe not Sir.

Sur. Then get you in, and tell your Master I'd speak with him.

Ser. What fort o' domineering Man is this?

Scene, a Chamber— Sir Courtly Nice dressing, Men and Women singing to him.

Sir Co. Very fine! extreamly fine. Gentlemen and Ladies, will you do me the favour to walk in, and accept of a small Collation? I am in some hast to dress upon an extraordinary occasion. You'll Pardon me?—your very humble Servant.—

(Exit Musick.)

Ser. Very fine.

Sir Co. You Sot, 'twas very barbarous.

Ser. Your honour said 'twas very fine.

Sir Co. You Clown, don't you know what belongs to a Gentleman? Com-

plaisance is the very thing of a Gentleman ; The thing that shew's a Gentleman. Wherever I go, all the World cries that's a Gentleman, my life on't a Gentleman ; and when y'ave said a Gentleman, you have said all.

Ser. Is there nothing else Sir belongs to a Gentleman ?

Sir Co. Yes, *Bon mine*, fine Hands, a Mouth well furnish'd —

Ser. With fine Language. —

Sir Co. Fine Teeth you sot ; fine Language belongs to Pedants and poor Fellows that live by their Wits. Men of Quality are above Wit. 'Tis true for our diversion sometimes we write, but we ne'r regard Wit. I write but I never writ any Wit.

Ser. How then Sir ?

Sir Co. I write like a Gentleman, soft and easie.

Ser. Does your Honour write any Plays ?

Sir Co. No, that's Mechanick, I bestow some Garniture on Plays, as a Song or a Prologue.

Ser. Then your Honour is only a Haberdasher o' small Wares ?

Sir Co. A Haberdasher, you sawcy Rascal ?

Enter a Servant.

2. *Ser.* Here's one Mr. *Surly* to visit your Honour.

Sir Co. *Surly*, what the Devil brings him hither ?

2. *Ser.* He has been walking about the Rooms this quarter of an hour, and wou'd not let me bring him in, till he had fould 'em all with his dirty Shoes.

Sir Co. A Nauseous, Beastly, Sloven, Clown, Fool, Sot.

Enter Surly.

Dear Mr. *Surly* your most humble Servant. (*Sir Co. Bows to receive him.*)

Sur. What, are you unbu—buckling my Shoe ?

(*Sur. is Drunk, stammers and belches.*)

Sir Co. Dear Mr. *Surly*—he stinks horribly — [*aside.*]

How came I to enjoy—a very Polecat— [*aside.*]

This great happyness ? — pox ! foh ! you and I have been long [*aside.*]

Surly, and I'm amaz'd to see you at my levee.

Sur. I begin to think, thou art a good honest Fellow, and have a mind we shou'd no longer be two lo—lo—Loggerheads, but one.

Sir Co. Dear Sir, you are always so divertising ; Well Sir, shall I beg a favour of you ?

Sur. What's that ?

Sir Co. Leave to dress before you, Sir. I am to meet some fine Women to day, one presently.

Sir. Prethee dress, and be damnd— shall we di—dine together ?

Sir Co. Yes Sir, I suppose, and Sup too. —

Sur. That's kind, well when ?

Sir Co. About Five o' clock Sir.

Sur. Where ?

Sir Co. In the Kings Box, Sir.

Sur. Must you and I, dine in the Kings Box ?

Sir Co. Oh ! dearest ! I beg your Pardon Ten thousand times, I thought you ask'd me where I shou'd meet the Lady.

Sur. Pox o' the Lady ; I ask where we shall Dine ?

Sir Co. Really Sir I don't know, I can't put my head into one o' your beastly eating houses, nor swallow the filthy meat you eat there, if you'd give me One hundred pound.

Sur. Filthy Meat ? Sir I eat as good Meat as you do.

Sir Co. Oh ! dear Mr. *Surly*, no doubt the meat in its own nature may be very innocent ; but when once it has committed familiarity with the beastly Fists of Cooks and Butchers, 'tis to me an unpardonable Sinner. My Butcher cuts up all his Meat with a Fork.

Sur. Does he cut up an Ox with a Fork ?

Sir Co. Ay, and he cuts up an Ox as neatly as a Lady does a Partridge.

Sur. Well, then I'll accept o' thy Dinner.

Sir Co. Dear Sir, your most humble Servant ; pox on him (*aside*) I wish I be capable o' the great happiness. For I came but last Night from my Country house, and I question whether I have all things in order or no. Whose there ? are all things brought from my Country house ?

Ser. No Sir, your Butler has forgot your Salt

Sir Co. Left my Salt ? careless Rascal. Let him take Horse immediately.

Ser. Sir he's rid post for it.

Sur. Rid post for Salt ? whether ?

Sir Co. To my Country house.

Sur. How far's that off ?

Sir Co. But a little way, not above Forty miles.

Sur. Send Forty miles out o' London for Salt ? Is there not Salt enough in London for you ?

Sir Co. Ay, stuff pawm'd by Butlers and Waiters, they take up the Wench's coats, then handle the Salt.

Sur. Here's a Rogue—(*aside*) well come lets drink a Glas o' Wine then.

Sir Co. Oh ! dear Mr. *Surly*, if you name Wine, you make me throw up my Soul. I have abhor'd Wine ever since I was in France, and saw what barbarous Education they give that generous Creature. Duce take me, Sir, if the Clowns don't press all the Grapes with their filthy naked Feet. Oh ! beastly nasty Dogs ! no wonder we are poyson'd with their Wine.

Sur. Prethee what o' that ? the Wine purges before it comes over.

Sir Co. Oh ! Lord Mr. *Surly* what a Phrase is there ? you'll Pardon my Freedom, Sir ?—

Sur. Most civil Coxcomb (*aside*) well what must we drink, for drink I must ?

Sir Co. I have several drinks of my own composing at your Service, as Mead, Syder, Ale.—

Sur. Ale ? there's Sauce for a Woodcock. Come let's tast a Bottle.

Sir Co. Fetch a Bottle ; This Fellow will Poyson me.—

(*aside*)

Sur. Well I come to request a favour o' thee.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant Sir, how de'e' like this Cravat ?

Sur. What's that to my business ? I come to make a request to thee.

Sir Co. 'Tis well tyed too, with a great deal o' humour.

Sur. A Pox on thee, mind me.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant Sir.

Sur. I am going to make Love.

Sir Co. Before you drink Sir?

Sur. Before I drink Sir.—

Sir Co. Well Sir, since you'll have it so, I'll wait on you down stairs.

Sur. Is the Devil in the Fellow? I tell thee I'm going to make love.

Sir Co. Oh! Lord Sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times.

Sur. And I come to beg thy assistance.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Sir.

Sur. For thou hast a knack on't. Thou art the only Court Card Women love to play with; the very Pam at *Lanterloo*, the Knave that picks up all.

Sir Co. Oh! Sir, you are so obliging;—and stinking—Pox take him— (*aside.*)

Sur. And 'tis a very pretty Woman I'm in Love with; my Lord *Belguard's* Sister *Leonora*; thou know'st her.

Sir Co. The Rogue's my Rival, he was born for my confusion (*aside.*) Ay, Sir, I have the honour of some small acquaintance there.

Sur. Prethee speak for me.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Sir, you have a great Talent of your own.

Sur. But thine's a better. One thing I am sure thou may'st do, there's an abominable Fop makes Love to her, and I am told is to marry her; prethee tell him he's a Son of a Whore.

Sir Co. Really Sir I'm unfortunate; I ha' no manner o' Genius to that sort o' Conversation.

Sur. Say my words. Tell him if he proceeds, I'll not only Libel him, but tweag him by the Nose, Kick him, Cudgel him, and run him through the Guts. Prethee tell him this. (*bugs Sir Co.*)

Sir Co. Oh! pray Sir give me Ay.

Sur. Prethee do.

Sir Co. Sir I am ready to.—

Sur. And thou wilt tell the Popy this?

Sir Co. I will upon my Soul.

Enter a Servant with Wine and Glasses.

Sur. Then thou art an honest Fellow.—so, is the drink come? fill a Glass, why two Glasses? do you think I cannot drink after your Master?

Sir Co. Pox o' your Complement.— (*aside.*)

{ Sur. flings a-

Sur. Here *Nice*, my Mistresses health.

way a Glass.

Sir Co. What misery is this Beast imposing on me? he coughs in the Glass too.— (*aside.*)

Sur. Pox on't, a whole gulp went the wrong way, come off with it. 'Tis my Mistresses health.

Sir Co. This Fellow's the Devil—

[*aside.*]

Sur. Off with it, Man.

Sir Co. I never was so embarrassed since I was born.—

Sur. Oones! off with it.

Sir Co. I must take the beastly portion down, but I shall be most horrible sick after it.— [*drinks.*]

Sur. So, Now thou art an honest Fellow, now I'll kiss thee.

Sir Co. The Devil thou wilt? more miseries? (*aside*) nay but Mr *Surly*.

Sur.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. Nay but you'll disorder me.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. But Sir I'm going upon your occasions to your Mistress.

Sur. Nay then I'll give thee two kisses, one for thy self and another for her.

Sir Co. Oh! Hell. (*aside*) nay but Mr. Surly.

Sur. I swear I will.

[*kisses him and belches—*]

This Bottle Beer is damn'd windy—well honest *Nice* farewell to thee. [*Exit.*]

Sir Co. Who's there? I'm sick to death,—to death!—lead me in—get my bed ready—and a Bath—and some Perfumes—I'm sick to death,—I'm dead.

[*Exit.*]

Scene Lord Belguard's House. Enter Bell. with Farewel's Picture in his hand.

Bell. Thou horrid Vision! wou'd I had met with the worst Fiend in Hell, rather than thee; in thee there is a Legion exciting me to Blood---blood--- Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord—

Bell. My Coach—to blood—blood.---

Enter Leonora and Aunt.

Leo. To Blood? what means my Brother?

Bell. Be gone.

Leo. To whom do you speak?

An. Bless us! Nephew what ailes you?

Leo. Alas my Lord, I fear you are a going to quarrel.

Bell. Yes, I'm going to punish one who Violates my Fathers, my Will and calls my Mother Whore.

Leo. What execrable Wretch is that?

Bell. Thy self.

Leo. Me?

Bell. Yes, what dost thou else but proclaim our Mother false, when she conceiv'd a thing so opposite to all our Fathers race as thou art?

Leo. In what?

Bell. In Infamy; when was there a spot in our name, till Heaven for our sins sent thee among us? and I am going to destroy thee in thy lewd undoer.

Leo. I know of no reproach in our Family but your madness, destroy that. What are your Spyes and Coxcombs, but so many Capital Letters, wherein you write over your Door, My Sister is a wanton Woman.

Bell. 'Tis truth, you are not only a wanton, but a wicked Woman; not only Intrigue, but with the Enemy of our Family, *Farewel.*

An. How?

Leo. I am betray'd— [*aside.*]

Bell. Do you blush?

Leo. At your Folly.

Bell. Dare you deny it?

Leo. Who dare accuse me?

Bell. This Picture, which I found in your Chamber.

An. Horrid Creature!—I shall swoon away.

Leo.

Leo. How shall I bring off this (*aside*) All this noise for a Picture ? if you had found a little humane Effigies in swadling Clouts, there might ha' been some squawling.

An. Do you laugh at your shame ?

Bell. She shall ha' no cause.

Leo. Do, kill me, before you know whether he's guilty or no.

Bell. I'll know it from himself. If he denies it, it will be some revenge to make him stab his Soul with Lies. He shall swear not only that he never did, but never will send so much as an Imagination to you.

Leo. Do, if you wou'd force him hither, what charm to a Man of Spirit, like daring ?

Bell. She speaks sence in that.

(*aside.*)

Leo. If you wou'd be fighting, fight your own jealousy, which abuses you worse than Mr. Farewel can do, my Honour protects you from him ; but neither Wit or Honour, can guard you from the rude insolence of your jealousy, which is now sending you of an Errant, a Footman o' Spirit wou'd scorn, to Proclaim the dishonour of your own Sister. Fye ! Fye !

Bell. And so I must sit down tamely with this abuse ?

Leo. You are not abus'd, the Picture was found at Church.

An. At Church ? do you intrigue at Church ?

Bell. They do nothing else, the Church is almost as bad as the Porch.

An. Nay there's shameful doings, that's the truth on't, it provokes my Flesh to see how the young Men sling their Eyes about.

Leo. And not upon her. ——— [*aside*]

An. But 'tis no marvail ; when Women will encourage 'em. No Fellows dare gape upon me, because I never encourage fellows.

Leo. A Face of fifty is small encouragement.

[*aside.*]

Bell. Nay no wonder the Devils cause thrives, he has a numerous Clergy, Heaven has but one Minister in the Church, and whil'st he is Preaching Divinity, the Devil has a thousand of both Sexes, by all the Oratory of looks and dresses, preaching Fornication and Adultery.

An. Too true, well she's certainly undone. I dare not examine her Breasts, if there shou'd be any thing in 'em, I shou'd dye.

Leo. In my breasts ?

An. Ay, Gentlewoman, do you think I regard your Flim flam story o' the Church ?

Leo. 'Tis not my Story, my Woman found it in *Westminster Abby*, at Prayers, and I knowing what work wou'd be made with it, commanded her to burn it, and she has dar'd to disobey me.

Wom. Indeed, Madam, I thought to have presented it to a Freind o' mine ; and laying it out o' my hand unfortunately in your Honours Chamber, my Lord found it.

Bell. Oh ! how nimbly she takes the lye at the first rebound ?

An. Out upon you ; I'm extream sick — lead me in — not you — you are not fit to touch a Woman o' my Virtue. These things have strange impression upon me. —

(*Exit.*)

Leo. That you don't share in 'em —

(*aside.*)

Bell.

Bell. Pray, Sister ? go out o' my sight, you are an horrour to me.

Leo. Your own Dreams are. Y'are as mad as a Prophet, you have always before your Eyes a Vision of Horns and Whores.

Bell. All this goes upon the score of *Farewel's* heart-blood if he be guilty, I'll make enquiry presently, and search at what gap this Treachery entered.

Leo. Oh ! unfortunate negligence ! [*aside*] [*Exit.*]

Enter Hothead.

Bell. Who's there, Cousin *Hot-head*, *Testimony* ?

Hot. Oh ! are you here ?

Bell. Ay, to your sorrow, if you have play'd me false.

Hot. You ha' serv'd me finely.

Bell. Do you first complain ?

Hot. Coupled me with a Dog ?

Bell. But you ha' Coupled my Sister Sir.

Hot. With a *Fanatick* Rogue.

Bell. No—with a finer Gentleman. Who brought this Picture ?

Hot. The common Fire-fork of Rebellion.

Bell. A Fire-fork.—Fork me no Forks—Who brought this Picture ?

Hot. The rotten rump shou'd ha' been burnt—when 'twas only Roasted.

Bell. The rotten Rump—Answer me or I'll fight thee.

Hot. Answer you what ?

Bell. Who brought this Picture ? I found it in my Sisters Chamber.

Hot. Then your *Fanatick* Rogue convey'd it thither to make me suspected, out of his malice to the Common-Prayer. I'll cut the Rogue to Pieces.

Enter Testimony with a great Sword by his side.

Bell. Testimony.

Test. I am here.

Bell. How now, *Sworded* ?

Test. To preserve my Life. My life is threatned by that bloody *Papist*.

Hot. How, Sirrah ? dare you think of fighting me ?

Test. Yes, and hope to do it, through Providence.

Bell. Drawing before me ? (*Hot. and Test. offer to draw.*)

Hot. Will you protect a *Fanatick* ? I see what you are.

Well Sirrah, though I may not cut your Throat, I'll choak you Sirrah.

Test. De'e, hear the bloody *Papist* ? He'll throttle me.

Hot. Sirrah, I'll cram the Oaths of Allegiance, and Supremacy into you, and they'll stick in your Throat, though Treason wont, and so I'll to a Justice presently. (*Ex.*)

Bell. and stay with him, and never plague me more. Now Sir do you resolve my question.

Test. I do resolve I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. I do not ask you about the Oaths.

Test. Why, if you ask me Ten thousand times, I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. Did one ever see such a Coxcomb ?

Test. Call me what you please, I will not take the Oaths—So do your worst. (*Ex.*)

Bell. A very fine account of my business.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord a Gentleman desires to speak with your Honour.

Bell. I'm not to be spoke with, I'm a broad—my Soul is—in the heart of Farewel, ripping it up for this Secret. What Gentleman?

Ser. One from th' *East-Indies*, My Lord, he brings a Letter from your Uncle *Rich.*

Bell. He comes in a Storm; he will find worse Weather here, than any he met at Sea. But I'll endeavour to compose my self—admit him.—

Enter a Man dress'd like a Merchant.

Man. My Lord, your Lordships most humble Servant. I perceive your Lordship has forgot me; you will know me better, when I acquaint you, who I am. My Father had the honour of being a Retainer to your Lordships Father, of Honourable memory; and sent me some Years since to the *East Indies*, in the Service of your Noble Uncle, Mr. *Rich.* My name is *Waytemel.*

Bell. Oh! Mr. *Waytemel*, I am glad to see you, truly you are so chang'd, if you had not told me who you was, I shou'd never ha' known you.

Man. I believe so my Lord—for I'm sure you never saw my Face before, but the Picture of it you have—for *Waytemel* was my Picture. (*aside*) Time and Travels will alter a Man, but truly I have lost nothing by my Travels but my Countenance; and in the room have gotten what's better, a convenient small competency of some Seven or Eight thousand pound; Heaven and your Uncles love be prais'd. I have brought Your Lordship some Letters from your Noble Uncle, and a small Present of some Threescore thousand pound.

Bell. How?

Man. Only the trouble of it, my Lord. Your Uncle contract'd in th' *Indies* an intimate Friendship with Sir *Nicholas Calico*, President for the *East India Company*. Sir *Nicholas* dyed, and left most part of his Estate (which was near a Hundred thousand pound,) to his only Son, Sir *Thomas*. But poor Sir *Thomas* happen'd in his Fathers Life time to fall into a Distemper, which gave him a survy flaw in his Brain, that Sir *Nicholas* left him and all his Estate to your Uncles Guardianship. Now your Noble Uncle perceiving his affairs are like to detain him many Years in th' *Indies*, and fearing if he shou'd dye, poor Sir *Thomas* might be cheated of all; he has like a Worthy and honest Gentleman, sent Sir *Thomas* and all his Estate to your Lordships care, as these Letters will testifie. I suppose your Lordship is well acquainted with your Uncles Hand and Seal.

Bell. I am, and this is his Hand and Seal, reads—um—um—um—to preserve him from being cheated here, or beg'd in *England*, I take the boldness to recommend him, to the care of so Noble a Person as your Lordship—um—um—um—Well Sir the Letter expresses what you told me.—Where is the Gentleman.

Man. I brought him along with me; he's in the next room, my Lord. Poor Gentleman, he has the oddest Phrases and ways with him. He will needs be attended like a great *Indian Mandarin*, or Lord. And has brought with him several *Siamites* and *Bantammers*, that serve him as his Slaves, in the ridiculous Dresses and Modes of their own Countries. we had such a gaping Rabble after us, as we came along.

Bell. Pray call him in, I long to see him.—

Man. Sir *Thomas*—pray come to my Lord.

Enter Crack ridiculously dress'd, attended by Men, in the Habits of Siamites, and Bantammers.

Cr. Which is the Peer?

Man.

Man. This is my Lord.

Cr. Great Peer, your extream humble Servant.

Bell. Your Servant Sir, you are recommended to me, by my Uncle.

Cr. I know it my Lord, and am most incomparably oblig'd to him. — He is a Person, my Lord, that as to the altitudes of Friendship, and the most glorious Circumstances of a Singular Person, is not to be cast up by the Logarithmes of Oratory, nor his Latitude to be taken by the quadrangle of Circumlocution.

Bell. So — I find I shall ha' store o' Non-sence.

Cr. My Lord, I'm a Person that as to the Circumstances of Money, am not indifferently contemptible; and as to the circumstances of Honour, I am by profession a Merchant, by Generation a Knight. Sir *Nicholas Calico* applying his Person to my Mother, was the Author of, Sir, Your humble Servant.

Bell. So the Letter says.

Cr. The Letter contains Verity.

Bell. Pox I shall be teaz'd.

Cr. One thing more Sir, I am a Person that as to understanding, am under the circumstances of Witchcraft. I lov'd in th' *Indies*, a fair Christian Curiosity, and a nauseous *Indian* Baggage, had a mind to apply to my Person her Tawny Circumstances; and finding she cou'd not obtain her Ambition, applys her self to an *Indian* Bawd, and Bewitches me.

Bell. Pshaw! Bewitc'd! what stuffs here? — (*aside.*)

Cr. Bewitches me Sir, what follow's thereupon? a loathing in me of Females? I abhor Women; fall into Agonys when I see Women. Pray let me see no Women.

Bell. You shall not Sir.

Cr. Pray my Lord, no Women.

Bell. I'll warrant you Sir.

Cr. But as much Supper as you please, my Lord.

Bell. You shall Sir.

Cr. You are highly civiliz'd.

Man. I told Your Honour he had such odd ways; well My Lord, as soon as the Ship is come up the River, which will be in few days, I'll bring the Captain to wait upon Your Lordship, with the account of Sir *Thomas* his Estate, Aboard; which will amount to Forty thousand pound, besides Ten thousand pound he has brought a shore in rough Diamonds: So, My Lord, your very humble Servant. Sir *Thomas* your Servant, I leave you in good hands.

Cr. Your Servant, Sir.

Bell. I'll order things for you. I must dispose this Man quickly, for I'm horribly weary of him, and also impatient to go about my Affairs.

Leo. 'Tis he — I'm sure 'tis he —

(*Leo. peeps.*)

Bell. How now Sister? what's your business here?

Leo. Staring at this strange sort o' Man.

Bell. You were no Woman else — pray get from him speedily.

Leo. You are not jealous of a Mad-man sure? he's mad is he not?

Bell. Yes, and impertinently brings me vexation too from the *Indies*, at a time when I've enough at home, as every Man has, that keeps a Woman. Pray get from him, he hates to see Women. (*Exit.*)

Leo. Hates to see Women? ha! ha! Sir *Thomas Calico* your humble Servant,

you are welcome from the *Indies*; but have a care of being discover'd least you be under the circumstances of a Cudgel.

Cr. Truly Madam, I expect to have something stick by my ribs presently, that is to say a good Supper; which I have order'd. My Lord and I will sup together, and you and Mr. *Farewel*.

Leo. We sup together? where? in the Grave? a fatal accident has hapned, will bring us both thither. My Brother has found Mr. *Farewel*'s Picture in my Chamber.

Cr. He shall not keep it, he shall deliver both Picture and jealousy.

Leo. Then thou art a Master. I told him my Woman found it in *Westminster-Abby*; may be thou may'st make something out o' that?

Cr. Stay let me consider *Westminster-Abby*, or the *Abby* of *Westminster*—um—um— Let me alone— be gone— he comes.

(Exit *Leo.*)

Enter *Bell.*

Bell. Come Sir, let me wait on you to your Chamber.

Cr. Hold, my Lord, a word, I have business of great consequence, I must humbly apply to your understanding.

Bell. So, I must be hindred with more Non-sence. (aside.)

Cr. I've in the *Indies*, a delicate peice of my Fathers Rib, I beg your Lordship to advise me in the disposal.

Bell. Oh! dispose it how you please, Sir.

Cr. 'Tis a Sister I mean, Sir.

Bell. Oh! that's something.

Cr. She's sweet and slender as a Clove, and is worth two Millions o' Coxcombs— Three hundred of 'em comes to Three Farthings; 'tis a *Chinese* Mony. This Mony makes her much sought in Marriage: The great *Hobbonsmoccoes* o' the *Indies* come gallopping upon Elephants, Camels, Rhinoceroses, and Oxen to see her. Now my Father was under the circumstances of great obligation, to a Gentleman in *England*; and out o' gratitude to him, ordered me on his Death bed, to bestow my Sister on his Son, and Heir, if his actions have any sort o' smile in 'em to his incompatible Father, which is the query. Pray resolve it.

Bell. First let me know the Gentleman.

Cr. You shall, I'll give you a Map of his Face, a Picture contain'd in my pocket.— ha! — I ha' lost it, — I ha' lost it.—

Bell. Tell me his Name, Sir.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bell. I, but his Name.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bell. Ha' you dropt his Name out o' your pocket? his Name Sir?

Cr. Oh! his Name, I'll tell you both his Name, and Cognome. His Name is *Andrew*, his Cognome *Farewel*.

Bell. *Farewel*? what comes into my head? Sir can you guess where you might loose this Picture?

Cr. A guess may be obtain'd— by the Prayers of Marriners.—

Bell. No other way? those I seldom here off.—

Cr. I was drawn down — stay let me see — remembrance begins to be idle — has *London* no place in the West?

Bell. Ay, no doubt.

Cr. Ay.

Cr. Ay, but something very West? something call'd West?

Bell. Yes—there's *West-Smirkfield*.

Cr. That's not th' appellative. Is there no Monster in the West, call'd *Westmonster*?

Bell. *Westminster* I believe you mean.

Cr. Yave nick'd it. To *Westminster* I rode, to behold the Glorious circumstances o' the Dead; and diving into my pocket, to present the representer with a Gratification, I am fully confirm'd, I then lost it; for my Eyes and the Picture had never an encounter since.

Bell. This exactly agrees with my Sisters story, what a Prodigious thing is this? a discovery o' my Sisters innocence, sent to me from th' *Indies*, in a heap o' Non-sence? and in so Critical a minute; excellent Providence?

Cr. What's an excellent Providence, Sir, that I ha' lost my Picture?

Bell. No Sir, that I ha' found your Picture.—

Cr. Found my Picture?

Bell. Ay, Sir, 'twas found by a Friend o' mine, in *Westminster-Abby*—there it is.—

Cr. Oh! my Picture! — my Picture! — my Picture! —

Bell. Oh! my eas'd heart!

Cr. Oh! my Picture! my Picture! my pretty Picture!

My Lord I must requite this favour, open that Casket, and give my Lord a handful of Diamonds.

Bell. A handful o' Diamonds.

Cr. Ay, my Lord, I beg your Pardon for the inconsiderableness o' the Present.

Bell. Inconsiderableness? what a Market wou'd some make o' this Man?— put up your Diamonds.

Cr. By no means, my Lord.

Bell. Put 'em up Sir, or you'll disoblige me.

Cr. You overwhelm me with Favours, I wish I had you at my house in *Bantam*.

Bell. I thank you, Sir; we are better where we are.

Cr. My Lord, you put me under the circumstance o' blushing.

Bell. Pray let me put you into a Chamber, to rest your self.

Cr. Rest is good — yours humbly—

Bell. Yours as humbly— What a Fire did I kindle in my house, to clear the Air of a Pestilence, was not in it? my Sister and all my Family are innocent. But what a fantastick thing is Womens Honour?

*Whilst She enjoys it, 'tis not seen or known,
And yet when lost She's utterly undone.*

(*Exeunt Ounes.*)

A C T. IV.

*The Scene continues. Enter Violante
and Leonora laughing.*

Vio. **H**A! ha! ha! what an excellent Fellow is this? what Engines he has in his head? not only to wind him self into my Lords house, but the Picture out of his hands?

Leo. He undertakes to bring Mr. Farewel hither to Night. If he engag'd to bring him in a Church with a Parson to marry us, I wou'd not doubt it.

Vio. Certainly my Lord must be in a most mortified humour; now is the time to scarify him, and take out his Worm.

Leo. Here he comes, now will I cary my self with all the insolence of a Virtuouse Woman.

Enter Lord Belguard.

So my Lord, have your Slaves been gathering any more scatter'd smiles o' mine? what loads o' that Gold Sand have your Asses brought home?

Bell. They have heard all, now I am asham'd to shew my Face.

Vio. Come, my Lord, wou'd you confine a Woman of Honour? give her Liberty; wou'd you corrupt her? confine her.

Leo. 'Tis true; were I a Wife to such a Man, I shou'd abuse him out o' Pride; and think my self not an ill but a great Woman, since to punish is a mark of Princely Dignity.

Bell. This I confess is the English Dialect; and when I talk of Governing Women, I talk of a thing not understood by our Nation. I admire how it came about, that we who are of all Nations, the most wise and free in other respects, shou'd be the only Slaves and Fools to Women.

Vio. Oh! you are the Wisest of all Nations, you know let Men do what they can, Women will do what they please; and whereas other Nations by their spies and Governantes are at great toyle and charges to be Cuckolds, you have it for nothing.

Leo. Come Brother, do not dresse me in a Fools Coat; nor hang spies about me, like so many gingling Bells, to give notice of all my motions. I can count, and know that one and one, put shamefully together, are two lewd Fools, and not one happy pair, as ill Women reckon, and deceive themselves.

Bell. Sister I believe you Virtuouse, but I wou'd have you not only be Virtuouse but thought so. And truly a Woman may be Virtuouse, but is seldome wise in Mens company. Her vain honour will put her on new Conquests. and Womens Conquests are pretty things; they often end like those of Highway men, in a shameful Execution on there own Persons. And yet all the business of their lives is mustering up Forces. To day the Beauty Lyes ambush'd in undresses, the hair pin'd up in Papers, like Serpents coy'd to fly on you with greater force; the Garments are loose and flowing as the Sea, to shew a Venus is there. To morrow she's as regularly fortified as a Low-Country-Town, and oft a party of Charm-

Charming looks are sent abroad to put all Spectators under a contribution.

Vio. Your Wife must not dress?

Bell. Why shou'd she? I think Womens Poynts and Embroyderies, but so many Billet-doux in Needle work.

Vio. She must not go abroad or see a Play.

Bell. Yes, She may go to Plays, provided she'l see Plays and not Fools, it may be enter into Conversation with 'em, and in stead of getting Wit from the Plays, get Folly from the Fops; and so her Wit being spoyl'd in her Youth, and like a Clock set wrong in the Morning, go false all the day after. In short, no Wife or Sister of mine shall dabble in conversation with any Man; I hate a Slattern in her credit.

[Enter Surly peeping.]

Sur. P my conscience I think I hear *Felguard* and his Mistress quarrel in good earnest.

[aside.]

Vio. Let no Woman marry a Man o' your humour, but she that for her Crimes is condemn'd to Transportation. The Slave that in *Virginia* toyls to plant her Lord Tobacco, is not more Miserable, than she that in your bosom Labours to plant a good opinion; both drudge for Smoak. I scorn the Slavery, nor will marry a King to encrease his Dominions, but to share 'em.

Bell. I offer you the entire Dominion o' my self; only desire you, not to aim at further conquests.

Vio. I shou'd be a fine Sovereign, where Jealousie, Pride, Rage, and such a sawcy Committee shall give me Laws; which they wou'd never do to a Prince they lov'd.

Bell. I think I've given convincing Proofs of Love.

Vio. When?

Bell. When I offer'd, Madam, to take you for better and for worse; those are Heroical Complements. The form of Matrimony out does *Ovid* for passionate expressions.

Vio. Ay, my Lord, but that's none o' your Wit, and I wou'd not have a Man o' your parts, steal other Men's Phrases; so your Lordships humble Servant.—Come away Child.

(Exit *Vio.* and *Leo.*)

Enter *Surly*.

Sur. Rare! they'r parted; once a Woman spoke truth. My Lord, your Servant. I've overheard your quarrel, and I honour you, you are the only Man in the Nation that understands himself. Lock up the Women till they'r musty, better they shou'd have a Hogo, than their Reputations. And their Honours are not like their Smocks, whitened by lying abroad.

Bell. Nor have their ador'd Faces the more esteem, for often appearing.

Sur. Pox on 'em, they varnish like Copper, and the Women are sensible of it, that's the reason they forge new Races every time they go abroad; and all the Arts of Paint and dress are suborn'd to give a Bastard beauty Title to Reign, because the Legitimate Face is fallen into contempt by familiarity. No more to be said, keep your ground like a man of honour; and loose your Mistress like a Coxcomb.—

(aside.)

(Exit.)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. An't please your Honour, Mr. *Horthead* and Mr. *Testimony*, are return'd, as your Honour gave orders.

Enter

Sir Courtly Nice :

Enter Testimony.

Bell. That's well—come Mr. *Testimony* ; here has been a mistake gave me a harsh opinion of you—I'm sorry for't.

Test. Oh ! my Lord, have a care of censuring Professors—for a Professor.—

Bell. Nay, prethee don't profess too much. * I am satisfied with thee.

Test. Truly you would, if you knew of what a tender Spirit I am of. I was only deluded the other day into a Play house, and truly it will be a burden to my Spirit whilst I live.

Bell. A lack a day, well I hope you'll be the more tender of my Sister, your trouble will not be long. I have engag'd her to a Gentleman, whom about this time I expect. What a clock is it ?

Test. Truly I do believe it is about Four, I cannot say it positively ; For I would not tell a Lye for the whole World.

Bell. This is an excellent Fellow, if he be what he pretends. (*knocking.*
Hark some one at the Door—may be 'tis he---sec.

Enter Hothead.

Hor. Did you send for me, my Lord ?

Bell. Ay, Cousin, to reconcile my self to thee ; I was in a mistake.

Hor. I think you was, when you judg'd a Rascally *Fanatick* a better Man than I.

Bell. The Contrary Cousin.—I think thee so much the better Man, I keep thee to have an eye over him, because I dont know if he be a Knave.

Hor. Not know if a *Fanatick* be a Knave ? You'r fit to sit in the House o' Peers I faith.

Bell. Well, thou art a very honest Fellow Cousin—let me have thy Company. But what are those Patches on thy Face, for Ornament ?

Hor. They are for Plaisters, but they are Ornaments. I have been in a *Fanatick* Coffee-House, and this is the Beauty they gave me.

Bell. 'Twas to reward some honourable Names, thou gav'st 'em.

Hor. I gave 'em no wrong names. I call'd 'em Rogues indeed, but that's their proper Name ; and they all set their hands to it immediately, and subscrib'd themselves Rogues upon my Chops, the only true Narrative they ever writ.

Bell. Thou are a mad Fellow.—prethee go in.

Exit Hot. at one Door. Enter at another Testimony.

Bell. Well—who's at the Door ?

Test. A lamentable Soul.

Bell. A Begger ?

Test. A more sad Object ; but I conceive he comes rather to rob than beg, for he comes Arm'd with a strong Bow and Arrows.

Bell. A Bow and Arrows ? what, is he a *Tartar* ?

Test. A Bow and Arrows made of Ribbons, Laces, and other idle Vanities, wherewith he intends to wound your Sister's heart.

Bell. Oh ! the canting Coxcomb.

Test. Nay, why canting Coxcomb ?

Bell. Be gone you fenceless As ; and bring in the Gentleman.

Test. Nay, why fenceless As ? this is unseemly.

Bell. He wont stir.

Test. I am no fenceless Person—I ha' more fences than your self ; I have a fence

sence o' Vanity, and of the nothingness o' the things o' this World—and a sence o' Sin, and a sence o' the insinuating nature o' Sin—I dare not bring this wanton frothy young Man to your Sister—for she is frothy also—and sin will get in at a little cranny—and if sin once get in his head, he'll get in all his whole body. New your honour has not that sence o' these things you ought to have. That your Honour is a senceless Person.—

Bell. How Sirrah?—

Test. In a spiritual sence.—

Bell. There's no getting this preaching Fellow away.—*Cousin Hothead.*

Enter Hothead.

Hot. My Lord.

Bell. Why do you let this canting Coxcomb plague me?

Hot. Why do you keep such a canting Coxcomb? let him plague you, Pox you, and Damn you, I don't care.

Test. Oh! fad! oh! fad!

Hot. Oh! shad! oh! Sot!

Bell. So, now I've brought 'em both upon me.

Hot. He's always tuning his Nose, too high too low, like a Sowgelders Horn.

Bell. Well Sir, if you please, tell me who's at my Door?

Hot. Forty One is coming in ding dong.

Bell. Into My Door? who's at my Door, I say?

Hot. Old Forty One, I faith.

Bell. I cannot have an answer—Sirrah—who's at my Door?

Test. Popery, I'm sure is coming in.

Bell. Into my Door? I ask you, who's at my Door?

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Bell. Confound you both.

Hot. And confound you both.

(*Bell. turns them both out.*)

Bell. You Boy, is there any one at Door?

(*to a Page.*)

Pa. Yes my Lord.

Bell. So, this Boy can answer, who is it?

Pa. Sir Courtly Nice, my Lord.

Bell. Oh! these Rogues, have they made him wait all this while? introduce him quickly. He comes most seasonably to rid me of my plague, now I'm very sick of it.

Enter Sir Courtly and the Page, bowing to one another.

Dear Sir Courtly, my Servants did not tell me who you were, that I have ignorantly made you wait, I am ashamed to see you.

Sir Co. Your Lordships most humble Servant.

Bell. Your very humble Servant.—*Page*—call my Sister.

Enter Aunt and Leonora.

Sir Co. Madam your most —

Au. Sir Courtly your very humble Servant.

Sir Co. Oh! your Ladyships very humble Servant—

Au. Your most humble Servant.

{ goes to Salute Leo.

{ Aunt steps first.

(*Salutes Aunt.*)

Sir Co.

Sir Co. Now Madam, your most humble Servant.

(to Leo.)

An. An incomparable fine Gentleman.

Bell. Well, Sir Courtly, now I've brought you thus far o' your way to my Sisters Inclinations; I'll leave you to pursue the rest o' your Journey by your self; you need no guide to Ladies hearts.

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

An. No, Sir Courtly commands all. If my Neice does not receive you, Sir Courtly, in all the obliging manner in the World, 'tis for want of experience and understanding merit—I'll assure you, Sir Courtly, I who have some little more judgment, have had a very particular value for you, Sir, from the first Minute I had the honour to see you, Sir.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, your most humble Servant.

An. A very particular.—

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

An. And if my Neice has not, it proceeds from her want of Years to know Desert. And indeed all Youth is indiscreet, I wou'd by no means advise a Gentleman of Merit, to marry any Person, that has not some Years and experience upon her.—

Bell. She's setting up for her self I think. Aunt.—

An. Nephew—

Bell. Pray leave the Lovers together.

An. Sir Courtly, your most humble Servant.

Sir Co. Madam, your most humble Servant.

An. Pray, Neice, behave your self so to Sir Courtly, as at least to do me right; and by all your expressions and behaviour, he may know how very particular an honour I have for him.

Bell. She has for him? — (aside.)

An. Most particular. —

Bell. Pray Aunt in particular.— come with me—

An. Very particular—

Sir Co. Oh! Madam— Madam—

Bell. Aunt—

An. Yes Nephew— Sir Courtly, I am exceeding unwilling to leave you to the Conversation of a young Lady, whose Years I'm afraid will not afford her Wit enough to entertain so fine a Gentleman.—

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! Madam! Madam!

An. But I'll return with all speed possible.—

Bell. But you shall not, if I can help it— (aside.)

An. And so your very humble Servant.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! your most humble Servant. (Exit Aunt and Bel.)

Leo. Now will I manage him, humour him—pretend to admire him—to draw him into love, laugh at him and revenge my self on him, for plaguing me. (aside.)

Sir Co. Now, Madam, is the glorious opportunity come, which my Soul has long wish'd, to express how much I admire, adore—

Leo. Oh! Sir Courtly—

Sir Co. Extravagantly adore! —

Leo. Oh! Sir Courtly— I cannot receive all this.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, is there any thing on the Earth so charming? — I never

ver saw any thing so fine as your Ladyship, since I was born.

Leo. Fye, Sir *Courtly*—

Sir Co. Never since I was born—

Leo. You'll kill me with blushing.

Sir Co. I speak my Soul—Heavens! what Divine Teeth there are?

Leo. Fye! fye! I shall never open my mouth more.

Sir Co. Then you'll undoe all the World. Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable Teeth. If a Lady fastens upon my heart, it must be with her Teeth.

Leo. That's a pleasant Raillery—ha! ha! ha! [*feigns a foolish laugh.*]

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, I hope your Ladyship has a better opinion o' my good Manners—Railly a Lady o' your quality?

Leo. Oh! you Wits, turn all things into ridicule.

Sir Co. Madam, I never was so serious since I was born; therefore I beseech your Ladyship have pitty upon me.—I swear and vow if you do not, I shall dye.

Leo. Dye! ha! ha! you Wits will be raillying.

Sir Co. Heavens, Madam! how shall I convince you, I am serious?

Leo. Really, Sir *Courtly*, I shoud be very sorry if you be serious.

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens! why so Madam?

Leo. Because 'tis pitty so fine a Gentleman shoud lose all his Gallantry—

Sir Co. Now you frighten me, Madam. Is it impossible for me to attain the Glory of your inclinations?

Leo. It will be impossible for me to keep the Glory of your inclinations, Sir *Courtly*; so I dare not venter on 'em.

Sir Co. Oh! as to that, Madam, I'll swear Eternal constancy, eternal services, and all those things.

Leo. You are not in your own power, Sir *Courtly*. You fine Gentlemen, like fine Countries, are desir'd and sought by all, and therefore in a perpetual War. If I shoud place my heart in you, it wou'd not have a minutes quiet. A thousand Potent Beauties wou'd every day assault you, and you'd yield out o' Complaisance, your good Breeding wou'd undo me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, this is extremity o' Gallantry; your Ladyship pushes things to a strange height.

Leo. I speak my Soul. Besides I've another humour, but that's a *Foibleß* will ridicule me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam.

Leo. Nay I'll confess it. I am strangely curious—extravagantly curious—I nauseate a Perfume if it ever saluted any Nose but my one.

Sir Co. Oh! fortunate! my own humour.

Leo. Nothing must come near me, that was ever once touch'd by another.

Sir Co. Is it possible?

Leo. Not if you'd give a Hundred pound.

Sir Co. My own Phrase too, I've observ'd it in my self, I'me strangely fortunate—we shall be fond to an infinite degree. (*aside.*)

Leo. For that reason, your fine Gentlemen is my aversion, he's so tempted by all Ladies, so Complaisant to all Ladies, that to marry a fine Gentleman, is to accept the leavings of a Thousand Ladies.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! you ha' met with the Creature you desire; —I never touch'd

touch'd Woman since I was born.

Leo. That's pleasant, I believe you have ruin'd a thousand.

Sir Co. Not one upon my Soul.

Leo. 'Tis impossible.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! there's not one Lady in a thousand I can Salute. I only touch the tip o' their ear with my Cheek.

Leo. Fye! fye!

Sir Co. Not one Lady in a Million, whose breath I can endure. But I cou'd not go into their Beds, if you'd give me a thousand pound. I cou'd not come into the Ayr of any Bed in *England* but my own, or Your Ladyships, if you'd give me all the World.

Leo. This is all Gallantry, *Sir Courtly*. You have been told this is my humour.

Sir Co. Is it really, Madam?

Leo. Oh! above all things. I suffer nothing to come near my bed, but my Gentlewoman.

Sir Co. Nor I, but my Gentleman. He has a delicate hand at making a Bed, he was my Page, I bred him up to it.

Leo. To making Beds?

Sir Co. Ay, Madam, and I believe, he'll make a Bed with any Gentleman in *England*.

Leo. And my Woman has a great Talent.

Sir Co. Is it possible? Ladies commonly employ ordinary Chamber-Maids—with filthy Aprons on, made by fluttish Women that spit as they—spin—foh!

Leo. Foh!

Sir Co. Your Ladyship will pardon me—my Linnen is all made in *Holland*, by neat Women that dip their Fingers in Rose-water, at my charge.

Leo. Delicate.

Sir Co. And all wash'd there.

Leo. And so is mine at *Hearlem*.

Sir Co. At *Hearlem*, I hold a constant correspondence with all the Eminent Washers there.

Leo. That's delicate, and agrees wonderfully with my humour.

Sir Co. Oh! happy! we shall be fond to an infinite degree.

Enter Surly.

Leo. Oh! foh! here's that beastly rude Clown Mr. *Surly*.

Sir Co. Oh! foh! what shall we do with him?

Sur. How now? how now? you two are intimate—heark you, Madam.

Leo. Oh! foh!

Sir Co. Foh!

Sur. Foh! what's this fohing at?

Sir Co. No body Mr. *Surly*; only at present we are accosted with an ungrateful smell.

Sur. Yes, I smell an ungratefull smell, your Roguery. Madam, I employ'd this fellow to speak for me, and I'll be hang'd if he be not false to me.

Leo. To speak for him? ha! ha!

Sir Co. Ay, for him, Madam, ha! ha!

Sur. Ay, for me Nickumpoop.

Sir Co. Your humble Servant Sir, y^e are very civil.

Sir. So I am, that I do not execute thee for this theft upon the place; but thou plead'st thy Face, as Whores do their Bellies; 'tis big with Fool.

Sir Co. Very civil—Sir.

Sir. Sure, Madam, a Woman o' your sence, will not chuse him before me. He has more Land? not more improv'd Land. His Acres run up to one great Weed, I mean himself; and there it Blossoms in Periwigs and Ribbons. Oh! but he has a finer Person! that's a Cheat; a false Creed impos'd on you, by a General Council of Taylors, Milleners and Semstresses; let my hat expound his Face, and you'll see what a peice o' simple stuff it is.

Sir Co. Horrid! he has put his beastly Hat upon my Head—pray Sir do me the favour to remove it, or I shall grow very sick— (to a Ser.)

Sir. Sick? I hope thou wilt eat my Hat. Now, madam, you see what a cheat he is, and whether he deserves any more favours, then to be decently hang'd with the rest of his Brothers.

Sir Co. My Brothers hang'd, Mr *Surly*?

Sir. I mean the Pictures in the Hangings, for they and thou are all but Needle-work; and thou would'st serve for a piece o' Tapstery, but for a Husband, Lord ha' Mercy on thee.

Sir Co. Your Servant Mr. *Surly*. You are a very well bred Gentleman, Sir, and pay great Veneration to a Lady o' Quality, and your Mistress—ha! ha!

Leo. His Mistress? ha! ha!

Sir Co. Let's rally him to death, Madam—ha! ha!—

Sir. Rally? does the ridiculous Figure pretend to laugh at any thing?

Sir Co. Dee' hear, Madam?

Leo. Sir *Courtly*, you are a Martyr to good manners, and suffer out o' respect to me, more then is fit for a man to bear.

Sir. He a man? I ha' seen a Butler make a better thing out of a Diaper Napkin.

Sir Co. Your most obliged humble Servant—Sir.

Leo. Sir *Courtly*, I'll withdraw, that you may do your self Justice—and be kick'd— (aside.)

Sir Co. Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

Leo. I'll no longer protect such a Coxcomb—as your self. (aside.)

Sir Co. Your very humble Servant, Madam; I'll push his Soul out presently.

Leo. Oh! don't do him that favour, Sir, only correct him.

Sir Co. Well, Madam, what your Ladyship pleases.—

Your Ladyships very humble Servant.

(Exit *Leo*.)

Mr. *Surly*, I have receiv'd some favours from you, Sir, and I desire the Honour of your Company, Sir, to Morrow morning at *Barn-Elms*, Sir,— please to name your Weapon, Sir.

Sir. A Squirt.

Sir Co. A Squirt?

Sir. Ay, for that will go to thy heart, I'm sure.

Sir Co. Well, Sir, I shall kiss your hands.

Sir. kiss any Breech.—

(Exit.)

Sir Co. Beast, Clown, Fool, Rascal. Pox take him—what shall I do with him? it goes against my stomach horribly to fight such a Beast. If his filthy

Sword shou'd touch me, 'twou'd make me as sick as a Dog.

(Exit.)

Scene a Garden. Enter Cr. and Leonora.

Leo. Ha! ha! I'll secure the Coxcomb— get him confin'd upon the Guard, among Tobacco takers, and that will confine him to his Bed and Bannio's for one Month.

Cr. That will do rarely. About this time I expect Mr. Farewel, I ha' sent for your Brother to introduce him.

Leo. My Brother?

Cr. Your Brother I say, to shew my skill. Retire, and stay conceal'd in the Garden. Here your Brother comes.

[Exit Leo.]

Enter Pelguard.

Now for lies and nonsense to entertain this jealous Brother till the Lover comes.

Bell. Sir Thomas your Servant, what's your will with me?

Cr. Talk—I love talk— begin.

Bell. Very pithy.

Cr. In what Circumstance are we?

Bell. Circumstance?

Cr. Ay, what call you this, where we are?

Bell. A Garden.

Cr. A Garden? I've seen in the Indies a Melon as big.

Bell. As all this Garden?

Cr. Bigger.

Bell. Well lyed of a Mad-man. (*aside.*) Are all your Fruit so large?

Cr. Alt.

Bell. Your Nutmegs and Pepper are not.

Cr. Your History is erroneous. We have Nutmegs as big as small Fly-boats, I have sail'd a hundred Leagues in a Nutmeg.

Bell. Well lyed.

(*aside*)

Cr. Our Oysters have wonderfull conference.

Bell. Circumference I suppose you mean.

Cr. Y'ave nick'd it. Three of 'em block up a Harbour. 'Tis our way of Mortification.

Bell. Fortification.

Cr. You are in the right—Pox on't I have been so long abroad, I have almost forgot my Mother-tongue.

Well—when will this Lover come? 'tis near the hour, and delicately dark.

(*aside*)

Farewel] Murder! murder! murder!

[*clashing of*

within.]

[*Swords.*

Cr. That's he! he's come! (*aside.*) murder cry'd out.

Bell. and at my Coach-house Door?

Farewel] Oh! Cowardly Rogues! Four upon one.

within.] *Bell.* A Gentleman assassinated?

Cr. Open the Door.

Bell. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Bell.

Bell. Call some o' the Servants to assist a Gentleman, set upon at my Coach-House Door.

Cr. Ay—quick—quick——

(*draws.*)

Bell. How, Sir *Thomas*? will you venture among 'em?

Cr. Dee' think I wout? a Gentleman and not fight?

Bell. I must not suffer it, you may be hurt.

Cr. No Sir, Ple fight like a Gentleman; I'le come by no hurt I'le warrant you.—Come quick—quick— open the Door—

Enter Servants.

Now found a Trumpet, Tivy—tivy—tan tan—tivy—Tone,—Pox on't 'tis a Horn—I don't know a Horn, I ha' forgot every thing belongs to a Gentleman.—among 'em helter skelter——

{ *Exit Bel. Cr. and Ser. meanwhile*
Farewel steals into the Garden.

Enter Leonora and her Woman.

Leo. I' my Conscience this is *Cracks* designe to let in Mr. Farewel.

Fa. Dear Madam, you are in the right.

Leo. Mr. Farewel? I know your voice—

Fa. Oh? Madam, I adore you for this bounty.

Leo. And I shou'd blush for it.

Fa. Why so, Madam?

Leo. Shou'd a Woman admit a Lover by night at a Back Door into the same house where she lies, and converse privately with him before Marriage.

Fa. Your Brother admitted me.

Leo. 'Tis true indeed, you may thank him for the favour, I thought your sufferings deserv'd pity, and my Brother wou'd let me shew it, no other way.

Fa. A thousand Blessings on you.

Leo. I doubt not but my Honour is very safe in your keeping, I wish your Person, were as secure in mine.

Fa. I am glad o' the danger, since 'tis some assurance o' my Love.

Leo. Your Friend Mr. *Crack* plays his part very well, and I doubt not but he will secure us here, and convey us hence, but then other dangers will follow you.

Fa. What are those, Madam?

Leo. The danger of Marrying without a Fortune, my Ten thousand pound is at my Brothers dispose.

Fa. I am glad o' that too, Madam, 'twill shew my love is not Mercenary.

Leo. The danger of being laught at by the Wits, for marrying at all.

Fa. Oh! let the Wits keep the Jilting rotten Wenches, and leave the sweet Virtuous Ladies, to us marrying Fools, I can be as well pleas'd to keep a fine Wife to my self, as they can be to maintain fine Wenches for all the Town.

Leo. Nay, your keeping Men, Keepers like have commonly but the Offals for their Slavery. Well, the Evening Ay will be unwholsome to you, if you stay longer in it, you'll be in danger of Thunder and Lightning presently, I mean my Brother—he comes—follow me—

(*Exit Leo. Fa. Wom.*)

Enter Belguard, Crack, &c.

Cr. What Cowardly Rogues were these? they ran upon our first sallying.

Bell. They had a reason, you'r a *Lyon*.

Cr. I us'd to kill *Lyons* and *Tygers* in the *Indies*, as you do *Hares* and *Conyes* here.

here. I kept a *Tyger Warren*, I kill'd a brace every morning to get me a stomach.

Bell. It was a good one sure, you offer'd dear for it. Well I hope you ha' got no hirt?

Cr. Yes, something very sharp, went quite through my stomach.

Bell. How? through your stomach? then you cannot live.

Cr. Yes, if you noint it presently with a good dish o' Jelly-broth, and Tent it with a bone o' Roast-beef.

Bell. Is that the wound? it shall be heal'd presently.

Cr. Presently, for my stomach is Captious.

Bell. It shall be done. Go to my *Aunt* and desire her to order Sir *Thomas* his Supper—

Ser. She's not very well, my Lord, and gone to bed.

Bell. Then let the Steward do it. Sir *Thomas* I am going out and shall stay late. Pray command my house— good Night to you— (Exit.)

Cr. Your Servant Sir— you keep a Woman? — now to the Lovers — where are they? —

Enter Farewel, Leo. and her Woman.

Fa. Here! here! thou Divine Fellow.

Cr. So, so, kifs! kifs! kifs! —

Leo. Before Marriage?

Cr. Ay, for fear you shou'd not kifs after marriage— well the house is our own, and the Night our own — your *Aunts* gone to bed, and your Brother abroad, we'l Tory-rory, and 'tis — a fine Night, we'l Revel in the Garden — Slaves go bring my Supper — quick — quick —

Ex. Slaves— and enter with Dishes: Farewel, Leo. and Crack sit down.

Enter Siamites and Bantammers.

Now a Song and Dance o' your own fashion — but shut the Garden-Gates — and look to 'em well for I'll be private in my pleasures —

(a Song and Indian Dance.)

So—now to my Chamber,—well—there is no publick Officer like your Pimp.—

Pimps manage the great business o' the Nation.

That is—the Heavenly work o' propagation.

(Exeunt Omnes.)

A C T. V.

Scene Cracks Chamber. Enter Farewel and Crack.

Fa. O H! thou Divine Fellow, what joys hast thou procured me?

Cr. What joys?

Fa. All that Innocence cou'd afford.

Cr. Innocence? that's Insipid stuff.

Fa. No Mr. *Crack*, there's difference between the *Mannah* that came from Heaven, and that out of 'Pothecaries Shops; a touch of *Leonora's* hand like

Mannah

Mannah from Heaven has all that Man can fancy. Here she comes.

Enter Leonora.

This, Madam, is bountiful after an Evenings Conversation, to afford me a Morning too.

Leo. We shou'd be charitable to prisoners.

Fa. I am a Prisoner, but such a happy one, as a King is when Lodg'd in a Royal Tower, to prepare for his Coronation. My hour of Coronation draws near, I want only the Church Ceremony and the Oath.

Cr. Madam, how dirst you venture hither by day light?

Leo. My Aunt, and Brother, are both gone abroad. and won't come home till Noon. So all those hours are mine, and now Mr. *Crack* to requite your Musick I ha' brought some o' mine to entertain you.

A Song— And enter Woman.

Wom. Oh! Madam— undone— your Brother.

Cr. How? how?

Wom. Just coming up stairs, to visit— you Sir *Thomas*.

Cr. Pox of his civility. Hide, Sir Hide. And do you Women shriek! — shriek! and cry out murder.

*{ Cr. throws himself on the ground and
scrambles in distracted postures after
the Women. They shriek—*

Enter Belguard.

Bell. So, here's my Sister got into the Madmans Room; and has put him into a frantick fit. Oh! the insatiable curiosity o' Women.

Cr. You Whores! — you bewitching Whores, do you come to bewitch me? I'll fetch blood from you.

Bell. Why wou'd you offer to come hither, Sister?

Cr. What are you, Sir, the King of *Bantua*?

Bell. No Sir, no.

Cr. Oh! the *Mogul*.

Bell. Nor the *Mogul*.

Cr. What do you then with all these Concubines? — Oh! I know you now, you'r a fine man, you have put me into brave circumstances. Did not I desire you to let me see no Women? and here, you keep a company o' rambling Whores in your house, that have put me into the circumstances o' distraction. I was a top o' the Staircase taking a prospect o' the Cape of Good-Hope, and these Fly-boats came sailing under my Nose. What do me I? but leap down to break their Necks? and ha' broke my own I think. I am certain, I have broke something, but what I don't know. Pray take me up, and look over my bones, see if none be missing; if they be, Bone for Bone will be demanded.

Bell. Poor creature! who's there?

Cr. Who's there? will you trust me to your servants! so if a Leg or an Arm of mine be broke, they'll leave it behind e'm, and I shall loose it. I expect all my Limbs and Bones from you, as you received 'em. So—come and take account of 'em.

Bell. I will—I will—

(Takes him up.)

Cr. Oh! have a care— Oh! —

Bell. Alas! I fear he's hurt; your foolish curiosity ha's done this? did you not gaze enough upon him before?

Cr. Oh!

Cr. Oh! gently! gently! —so—so—

(*Bell.* leads him out.)

Fa. Oh! this pleasant Rogue! ha! ha!

Leo. 'Tis an excellent Fellow. As soon as we hear my Brother is returning, slip into that passage, 'twill lead you to *Crack's* Bed-chamber.

Enter Aunt.

Au. How now Gentlewoman? a man wi' you? Nephew—Nephew—Nephew.—

Leo. Begone—begone—through that Entry.

Ex. Fa. at one Door, at another *Enter Belguard.*

Bell. What's the matter?

Au. Our family's dishonour'd, dishonour'd—here was a fellow, a handsome young fellow wi' my Neice. Oh! my flesh! my flesh.

Leo. Wi' me?

Au. Will you deny it Confidence?

Bell. Who's there? *Hothead, Testimony*, all of you come hither.

Enter Hothead, Testimony.

Test. What's your honours pleasure?

Bell. To cut all your throats, you are all Bauds, and Villains.

Hor. Leave me out o' the number you had best.

Bell. I will not Sir, for here was a young fellow wi' my Sister.

Leo. My *Aunt's* whimsy and jealousy.

Au. I cou'd tread you under my Feet.

Bell. Which way went he?

Au. Into that passage: he cannot be got further, then *Sir Thomas Calicoes* Bed-chamber.

Bell. Lock all the doors, Arm and beset *Sir Thomas Calicoes* lodgings.

Leo. This will prove such another wise business as the Picture.

Bell. Hold your peace—get you into that room wi' my Aunt. Aunt pray look to her.

(*Exit. Bell. Hor. Test. &c.*)

Au. I'll keep her, I warrant her—come in gentlewoman.—you are a fine gentlewoman.

Leo. Oh! my heart trembles—Heaven inspire *Crack*. (*aside.*)

Exit Aunt and Leonora. Scene changes to another Room.

Enter Farewel and Crack.

Fa. Oh! cursed fortune.

Cr. Well don't trouble your self. I'll bring you off safe.

Fa. Not trouble my self, when *Leonora's* honour is in danger? she'll be the jest of every prating Fop, and malicious beauty.

Cr. Her honour shall be safe too. This bluffing—Brother shall entertain you.—

Fa. with a Blunderbuss?

Cr. Ay, full o' Claret. Away—away—he comes.

Ex Fa. and Enter Belguard, Hothead, Testimony, and the Servants arm'd.

Cr. How? the High and glorious Emperour o' *Siam* with all his guards? Thou most invincible *Paduoco, Faruoco, nelmocadin—bobbekin—bow—wow—* why dost thou seek to destroy us *English*, seated on thy Dominions by thy own Letters Patents?

Bell.

Bell. Pish!—take him away.

Cr. Take away our Priviledges? then this goes to my heart.

Draws his Dagger, and pretends to stab himself.

Bell. Hold, hold—Sir *Thomas*, Sir *Thomas*, no hurt is meant to you.

Cr. Most Great and Glorious Emperour, I humbly thank, and do humbly Implore thee; that thou would'st command thy Invincible guards, to lay down their arms, and put us out of our frights, and we'll submit our persons to thee. This is some Interlopers work. *(aside.)*

Bell. Pox o' this impertinent Mad—coxcomb? Lay down your weapons, may be if we humour him, he may come to his fences, and give us leave to search the rooms. *(they lay down their Weapons.)*

Cr. My Lord *Bellguard*, your most humble Servant.

Bell. He's come to himself; that's well. Sir *Thomas* your servant, how do you.

Cr. A little discompos'd, something has frightened me, and put me into the circumstance of a sweat.

Bell. I'me sorry for that. Shall I beg leave, to search your rooms for a thief that's got in?

Cr. Pardon's beg'd; search must not be made; for I have a friend there, you must not see. *Bell.* Wou'd you and your friend were hang'd. *(aside.)*

A very honest Gentleman, but very much addicted to marriage. 'Tis he that I told you, is to marry my Indian Fubs of a Sister—Mr. Farewel.

Bell. Mr. Farewel?

Cr. Ay, hearing of my arrival, and what circumstance I was in, hover'd all this morning about the house to get a sight o' me; but car'd not to come in, for it seems there is enmity between you.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I wonder how he got in without my knowledge.

Cr. I made him come in. I was throwing my Legs about in the Hall, and the door being open, our eyes knock'd immediately, and gave remembrance such a bang, that we ran full speed into the circumstances of embracing?

Bell. And pray who saw this?

Cr. Who saw? what care I who saw? I care not if the whole Town saw, I'm not asham'd of owning Mr. Farewel.

Bell. No Sir, but I mean which of my family saw? that I may thank 'm for their care.

Cr. What do I care for your family? if I may not bring a friend into your family, a fart for your family.

Bell. Nay be not angry Sir *Thomas*, your friend's welcome.

Cr. I doubt it not, for I have found you a very civil Person. And now recollection is active, I fancy he's the man you take for a thief. 'Tis so—ha! ha!—excuse me—ha! ha!—leave is implor'd—ha! ha!—Brother Farewel,

(Fa. within) Brother.

Cr. Come out, and participate o' laughter.

Bell. So, now have I play'd the fool again, vex'd my self, and wrong'd my Sister with my impertinent jealousies.

Enter Farewel.

Cr. Come brother—ha! ha! laugh—but first salute.

Fa. My Lord, I believe you wonder to see me here, and you may; I call my self

self Bastard, and renounce the blood of my Family, by coming under your roof with any design, but to prejudice you, which at present I must acknowledge to my shame is not my intention. I visit my Friend here for his own sake, and the sake of a great Beauty, which you shall not hinder me of, my Lord.

Bell. I will not Mr. Farewel, I scorn those effeminate revenges. If I hurt any Man it shall be with my Sword.

Fa. Your Sword, my Lord ?

Cr. Hold ? hold.

Bell. Ay, any where but here Mr. Farewel, my House is your Sanctuary, and here to offer you violence, wou'd prejudice my self.

Cr. What a quarrelling's here ? i' my conscience I believe, my Lord, 'tis because you think he came to steal me, I being under whimsical circumstances, for I remember you call'd him a Thief. Look you my Lord, don't fear me, I won't be stole—I know when I'm well.— Brother I'm very well provided for, I want nothing but my Wits; and what do they signifie? if a Man lives like a Gentleman, no matter whether he has Wit or no.

Fa. Well, my Lord, though I have the misfortune to be your Enemy, I am none to good manners; I'm sorry I have given your house this trouble, and the more because my Friend receives such generous usage in it.

Bell. Nor am I an Enemy to Love, and the fair Sex. If the Lady you come for loves you, for her sake I wish you success.—

Fa. Now my Lord you vanquish me.—

Cr. He's a brave Man—Faith.—

Fa. I fancy we shall live to be better Friends, at present I'll take my leave,— my Lord your Servant.—

Bell. Your Servant Sir.

Cr. Brother I must see you down stairs. this was a Master-piece. ha ! ha !
(Exit Fa. and Cr.)

Bell. Now I am cool again. What a flame had your negligence put me into. Here release my Sister, I'm aham'd to see her— (to a Servant.)

Hot. Sirrah ! Sirrah ! you did this to make me suspected.

Test. Ay---ay, I must be abus'd, because I'm a Protestant.

Hot. A Protestant ? a Dog. But with such Names the Rogues divide the Rabble, and make the Nation go like the Devil, upon Cloven Feet.

Bell. Hold your prating, and by your future care make amends for your past negligence; your trouble shall not be long, within this Eight and forty hours I'll marry her, or send her into the Country.

Hot. Well--well-- I'll look to her, for the Honour of my Family, not your huffing.
(Exit.)

Test. I to discharge a Conscience—

Enter Leonora.

(Exit.)

Leo. So—Sir—

Bell. My Sister—

Leo. Do you run from me ? is that the reparation you make for the intolerable wrongs you have done me ?
(pretends to burst into tears.)

Bell. Well, I have wrong'd you, I'm sorry for it, and beg your Pardon—I must be gone—about business—your business—to fetch Sir Courtly Nice.
your Servant, Sister. (Exit.)

Leo.

Leo. Oh! your Servant Sir—ha! ha!—he runs—I may chance Sir to run as nimble from you, if *Cracks* Wit do not fail him—here he comes—

Enter Crack.

Thou admirable Fellow, what hast thou done with Mr. Farewel?

Cr. He's in the Street staying for you.

Leo. Staying for me? and canst thou convey me to him?

Cr. De'e question it? put on a Vizard and something over your Cloaths;

Leo. Sweet Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay be gone.

Leo. Delicate Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay he stays for you.

Leo. Incomparable Rogue.

Cr. Pshaw! put on your Vizard.

Leo. Most excellent Rogue.

Cr. Oones! put on your Vizard.

Leo. I will—I will—ha! ha! toll—loll—derol—

Cr. goes out, and as Leo. is going out singing and dancing, She's met by Bell. and Sir Co.

Bell. Oh! Sister your tune's alter'd.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! I'm happy to find your Ladyship, in so gay a humour.

Leo. You'll not find it so— *(aside.)*

Bell. Sir Courtly I'll betray her to you. I left her in Tears upon an unhappy occasion, and at parting told her I wou'd bring you. Now you are come, I find her in joy. Nothing else cou'd cause the Change.

Sir Co. Oh fortunate.

Leo. Oh Fop.— *(aside.)*

Bell. Now improve your Interest, and let us see how great a Master you are in Courtship, by your dexterous dispatch. I leave you together— *(Exit.)*

Sir Co. And upon my Soul I will. Oh! Madam, am I so Fortunate, so Glorious, to be well in your fine inclinations?

Leo. Oh! fy, Sir Courtly—if I had any such guilt upon me, do you think I wou'd confess?

Sir Co. You do confess Madam—your fine Eyes, and your languishing Ayr, and your charming Blushes, and all those things—

Leo. I hope I carry no such false things about me; for if they say any such thing they infinitely wrong me.

Sir Co. Oh! now you are cruel, Madam; you kill me.

Leo. Can you hope for my heart Sir Courtly, till I've some assurance o' yours.

Sir Co. What assurance wou'd your Ladyship have?

Leo. All manner—he that pretends to my heart—must sigh, and wait, and watch—and pant—fight, and write—and kill himself.

Sir Co. All this I ha' done Madam, and Ten thousand things more. Drove by your Windows, a thousand times a day, sought you at the Parks and the Plays. Was a constant faithful Attendant at all Tragedys—for I presum'd your Ladyship nauseates Comedys.—

Leo. Oh! Foh!—

Sir Co. They are so ill--bred--and sawcy with Quality, and always cram'd

with our odious Sex—that have not always the most inviting smell—Madam, you'l Pardon me—Now at Tragedies, the House is all lin'd with Beauty, and then a Gentleman may endure it. And I have gone, found not your Ladyship there, drove home, kill'd my self with sighing, and then writ a Song.

Leo. Oh ! Heavens Sir Courtly, did you ever write a Song upon me ?

Sir Co. Above a thousand.

Leo. Oh ! there's nothing charms me like a Song—

For Heavens sake—the Song !—the Song—

Sir Co. I've above forty here in a sweet Bag, I'll shew you the first I made upon your Ladyship. 'Tis thought to be a pretty Foolish soft Song, most Ladies are very kind to it.

*As I gaz'd unaware,
On a Face so fair ;—*

Leo. Oh ! Sir Courtly—

Sir Co. —————

*Your cruel Eye,
Lay watching by
To snap my heart,
Which you did wi' such art ;
That away wi' you ran,
Whilst I look'd on.—
To my ruin and grief ;
Stop Thief—stop Thief.*

Leo. Oh ! fine ! oh ! fine !

Sir Co. That stop Thief, Madam, is pretty Novel.

Leo. Oh ! delicate ! I'm charm'd ! I'm lost !—fye what have I said—

Sir Co. What makes me the happiest of Creatures.

Leo. I only railly—I renounce all—

Sir Co. Not for the World—

Leo. Away—the Song again—the Song—I'll hear nothing but the Song.
Is there no tune to it ?

Sir Co. One of my own composing.

Leo. That accomplishment to ? Heavens ! how fine a Gentleman is this ?

Sir Co. Oh ! Madam, how proud you make me ?

Leo. Oh ! dear, how I betray my self ? foolish Creature—no more—no more—the Tune, the tune.

Sir Co. I always humour my words with my Ay. So I make the Voice shake at the last Eine, in imitation of a Man that runs after a Thief. Sto—ho—ho—hop—Thief— (sings.)

Leo. Oh ! delicate ! cannot I learn it ? sto—ho—ho—ha ! ha ! ha !

(imitates his Foolish singing, and falls into a laugh.)

Sir Co. Dear Madam, what makes your Ladyship laugh ?

Leo. At a Coxcomb, that thought to win me with a Foolish Song, this puts me into my head.

Sir Co. Oh ! Foolish ! there are abundance of those Foolish Fellows, and does the Song please your Ladyship ?

Leo. Infinitely, I did not think you had been so fine a Poet.

Sir Co. Poetry, Madam, is my great foible, and when I see a fine Woman I cannot command my foible.

Leo.

Leo. How? de'e make Songs upon other Ladies? unfortunate— I've given my heart to an inconsistent Man—

Sir Co. Oh! Madam,—only Gallantry.

Leo. I'm abus'd—unfortunate—

(pretends to weep.)

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, you take it wrong—

Leo. I'm abus'd.—

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens!

Leo. But the Song's very fine!—sto—ho—ho—ha! ha!

Sir Co. Pleasant Creature.

(sings and laughs.)

Leo. Coxcomb.—

(aside.)

Sir Co. We shall be infinitely fond—a pretty Glass, this Madam.

(looks in a Glass.)

Leo. So, he's making an assignation with his own foolish Face, I'll leave him to Court that and steal away.

(Exit.)

Sir Co. Sto—ho—ho—hop—

Enter Aunt.

Au. Singing, Sir Courtly?

Sir Co. at your Service, Madam. Well, Madam, you have said so many fine things to me, that I assure my self of your heart, and now I am resolv'd to push this opportunity, to an extremity o' happynefs.

(Sir Courtly looks in the Glass while he speaks.)

Au. Oh! fortunate! this to me? I did make him some advances to day I confess, and have they had this success? my heart pants: I am surpriz'd with infinite joy, and am not able to answer—

(aside.)

Sir Co. Well, Madam, I must be happy, and so upon my—the Lady gone—

(turns from the Glass.)

Au. Sir Courtly you put me in great confusion—

Sir Co. The Ladys consent is very considerable—she governs her Neice, and under her conduct may make me happy, with a reserve to Modesty. (aside.) Well, Madam, shall I have your consent to my happynefs, my glory?

Au. Oh! dear Sir! is it possible to answer you so soon?

Sir Co. So soon, Madam? you know my passion had been long.

Au. Is it possible? I swear I never heard of it before.

Sir Co. That's strange; wou'd not my Lord, your Nephew acquaint you?

Au. He never said one word of it to me.

Sir Co. That's amazing.

Au. I find my Nephew has been false to me. It seems 'tis me the Gentleman loves, and my Nephew wou'd defraud me of him, for his Sister—here's fine doings.—

(aside.)

Sir Co. I swear I thought your Ladyship had known, and granted your consent—you said so many fine things—

Au. I said no more,----Sir Courtly, then what were the result o' my thoughts, upon the contemplation of your great desert----

Sir Co. Your Ladyships most humble Servant---then I hope, Madam, since my passion has been long, though you knew not of it, you will not defer my happynefs---'tis in your power I'm certain, no Person controuls you---

Au. Controuls me? that's pleasant----no Sir.

Sir Co.

Sir Courtly Nice :

Sir Co. She says true — she can bring her Neice — (*aside.*)
 I beseech you, Madam, take pity of a suffering Lover.

An. Oh ! Sir, thou'd I consent so soon, 'twou'd be against all Forms. —

Sir Co. I would not for the World offend against any Forms. No Man living more studies, and adores all manner of Forms — but my passion has been long.

An. I know not what to say, Sir, indeed I must not. —

Sir Co. Oh ! Pardon me !

An. Oh ! Pardon me !

Sir Co. Oh ! Madam !

An. You confound me, Sir.

Sir Co. You distract me, Madam. It must be —

An. Well, Sir I yield, but with an extremity o' blushing.

Sir Co. Your most obliged humble Servant.

An. My severe temper wou'd never ha' been wrought on so soon, but by so fine a Gentleman.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant.

An. And to Revenge my self on my Nephew, for his false play.

Sir Co. Well, Madam, we'l in my Coach to the next Church presently.

An. 'Tis very hard to resist you, Sir Courtly. If you please I will first put on a Disguise ; for I desire it may be manag'd with all secrecy, till the Ceremony of Marriage be over.

Sir Co. With all my Soul ; for I infinitely love a secret Intrigue, especially when every body knows of it.

An. Least my Nephew light on us, and prevent it.

Sir Co. He's for the Match.

An. He's very false.

Sir Co. Is it possible ?

An. Is it not apparent, when he conceal'd the whole matter from me, least I should promote it ?

Sir Co. That's unanswerable, I'm amaz'd at it. Well, Madam, I shall not fail of being happy ? —

An. Immediately, Sir.

Sir Co. And you think you have power ?

An. Power ? that's pleasant.

Sir Co. So — so — she'l bring or send her — (*aside*) Well, Madam, Your most humble Servant.

An. Your very blushing Servant — (*Exit.*)

Sir Co. Your humble — sto — ho — ho — hop — Thief — (*Exit.*)

Enter Crack and Leonora laughing.

Cr. An humble Thief indeed, steal an old Woman ? —

Leo. This was a pleasure I cou'd not ha' thought off. Now to our Affair.

Cr. Come — on with your Vizard. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene changes to the Hall. Enter at one Door,

Hothead and Testimony, at another Crack.

Cr. Barbarity ! falsehood ! treachery ! murder.

Hot. What's the matter ?

Cr. Did not I stipulate upon the surrendry of my self to this House, to be kept from Women? and I am devour'd with e'm; here's come into my Chamber, a hot burnt Whore, with a black crust upon her face—here she is, Avant. (Ex.)

Crack pull's in Leonora vizarded.

Hot. You damn'd Whore, how came you into this house? and what are you? I'll see your face.

Cr. Then I'll see your braines, I swear by Gogmagog, and and all the seven damnable Sinnes.

Test. Oh! sad! oh! sad.

Cr. Shew me the face of a Woman? I had rather see forty full moons.

Hot. Stand off Impertinence; I will see her face.

Cr. Murder! murder! call my Lord—Lord, Lord—murder—murder! Lord—Lord—Lord.

Hot. Hold your bauling, I'll let her go.—For now I think on't, if my Lord shou'd find this Whore here when he gave such strickt orders, we shou'd let no body out, or in, he'l make more noise than this mad fool—so let us kick her out o' Doors, and say nothing.

Test. Hold, let us not use violence to her—she's a great temptation to me. (*aside.*) I'll reprove the idle Woman, it may be, I may gain upon her.

Hot. Gain a Clap Sirrah! for this is some of the Footmens Whores, pick'd up in the dark. Get you out you Whore.

Test. No violence pray. She's a great snare to me. (*aside.*) woman get you out woman—and dee hear?—I'll follow you, and we'll drink a bottle.

Leo. Do old godly knave, and thou shalt be welcome.

Test. I come! I come! (*aside*) get you out woman.

Hot. Get you out—you Whore. (*they thrust Leo. out.*)

Cr. Good morrow—up so early?

Hot. What's the whimsy now?

Cr. Am not I i' Bed?

Hot. In Bed?

Test. Poor soul, poor soul—

Cr. I am not i' faith. Then I walk in my sleep: I was fast asleep just now, and dream't I saw Women, and Vizards, and all that Trash; and the fright put me in a Feavour. I burn; prethee give me a mouth full of sweet ayr. (*Exit Cr.*)

Hot. Prethee take a belly full and be damn'd. A fine time on't I have; with Whores, and Fools, and mad Men, and Fanatiques. (*Exit.*)

Test. So now I'll steal after her, for I find in me a very great uproar. (*Ex.*)

Scene changes to Violante's house. Enter Farewel—

Leonora vizarded, Testimony.

Fa. Come in, come in honest old Fornicator, though the girle be mine, when I have had my collation, if she'l consent, faith, thou shalt have a bit; I love a Wenching Rogue i' my heart.

Test. Oh! dear Sir, your very humble Servant, and truly I am a kind of a wag. I love a pretty bit sometimes.

Fa. And I love thee the better for it, and this is a pretty bit, thou shalt see her.

(*Leo. pull's off her vizard.*)

Test. Oh! dear! undone! undone!

Leo. Nay, nay Mr. *Testimony* wont you be as good as your word *I*shan't we have a Bottle?

Test. Oh! Madam, don't discover me to my Lord, and you shall not only have my prayers, but the prayers of all the sober party for you all days o' my life.

Leo. So, he runs from Whoring to Praying.

Fa. Are not you o' Rogue Sirrah?

Test. I know I shall be call'd Rogue by the *Popish* party---they will rejoyce at my fall, but I hope my fall will be sanctified unto me for my better Up-
standing.

Fa. Among the Wenches---Sirrah-----come Sirrah, you shall stay till my Lord comes, for his mortification, as well as yours.

Test. Oh! my flesh, it has undone me.

Enter Violante, and Crack.

Vio. My dear.

Leo. My dear.-----

Vio. Excellent *Crack*; for this great peice o' service, I'll ha' thee knighted under a petticoat. Well we must send for my Lord, to laugh at him.

Test. Oh! dear! I tremble!

Vio. Who's there? tell my Lord, I desire to speak with him.

Leo. Pray let him bring Sir *Courtly Nice*, and his Bride with him; be sure you say nothing o' me.-----
(*Exit footm.*)

Vio. Are you a Bride yet?

Leo. Not yet.

Vio. Get in, and let my Chaplain make you one.

Leo. Come Mr. *Testimony*. Mr. *Crack*, bring him.

Cr. How now you Rogue? what's your business?

Test. Oh! my reproach will be great.

(*Ex. Fa. Leo. Cr. Test.*)

Vio. Mr. *Surly*.

Enter Surly.

Sur. Well, what now?

Vio. Now, you shall be my Husband.

Sur. Your Jack, to turn and roast you for another, whilst I ha' no share in you.

Vio. According to the share I have in you: You men wou'd feign engross all manner o' Sins, by the pretended Prerogative o' your Sex; well if iniquity be your Estate, when you ha' married me, I'll put in for my thirds.

Sur. I doubt it not; within this week, I shall see in a Fops hand, a *Billet doux*, that is a Ticket to let him into your Play house.

Vio. Prethee leave of this doged humour.

Sur. I ha' none; fawning is a Dogs humour.

Vio. Nay but Sullenness; it taxes thy Estate, that thou art never the better for it; 'tis a french Estate.

Sur. Ay, but to lick a fool's shoe, is a Spaniels Estate.

Vio. Prethee dress like a Gentleman.

Sur. So I do; but I wou'd not dress like a Gentleboy, lag at my years amongst those Children, to play with their Toys; be always folded up like a love letter, with a superscription, these to the next pretty girl.

Vio. There's no altering thee----go in a while.

Ex.

Ex. Surly. Enter Lord Belguard, Sir Courtly, Aunt vizarded.

Vio. My Lord, your humble servant. I invited you hither, to reconcile you to your Sister, she's weary of your Government; and has dispos'd of her self.

Bell. Ay, Madam, but according to my own desires, that now I suppose you will acknowledge the good effects of my Government;—Sister salute your friend.

Vio. Do you take that for your Sister? then I'll shew you the good effects of your Government, Open the Door.

The Scene is drawn, and Farewel, Leonora, a Parson, Crack, Testimony, appear.

Bell. My Sister there? call my servants.

Cr. Nay then call mine, the great *Mogul*, and the King o' *Bantam*, I'll pepper you.

Bell. Then you were the Pimp were you—Sirrah—I may chance begin with you.

Vio. How? i' my house and presence? touch him if you dare.

Bell. I'm made an Ass on.

Cr. Not far from that Circumstance.

Bell. You Rascal—

Vio. Again?

Sr. Co. But what the Devil am I made? what have I got?

Leo. Even my stale Aunt.

An. Sawcy huzzy.

Sir Co. The *Aunt*? what have you put upon me, Madam?

An. What have I put upon you, Sir, more than your self desir'd? Did not you declare you have long had a passion for me?

Sir Co. A Passion for you? Comical! that's probable! Rot me if ever I had a Passion for you in my Life. I meant all to your Neice; a Passion for an old Woman?

An. Ill-bred Fop.

Sir Co. Very fine—

Vio. Now, my Lord, what say you of your fine Cotqueen art of Conserving Woman? will she keep if not candied with Virtue? here is a piece o' dyed Sweet-meat, you see cou'd not keep; and proves by her example, that the Huffs of either Sex, when they are boldly attaqued in private, soonest deliver their Weapons.

An. This is all ill manners.

Vio. Ay, but here's an old Cat will suffer no Vermin to come into the House; but then he has a Liquorish tooth, and loves to have a sweet bit for himself; he wou'd fain ha' pick'd up your Sister for a Wench.

Bell. How?

Test. 'Tis true indeed my Lord; I will not tell a lye for the whole World.

Bell. Oh! Villain—well Sirrah—I'll leave you to my Cousin *Hor-heads* correction.

Vio. But your faults my Lord I'll take into my correction, and give my self to Mr. *Surly*.—Mr. *Surly*.

Sur. Well.—

Enter Surly.

Bell. To *Surly*?

Sur. Ay, now *Nice* thy quarrel and mine is at an end, I'll let thee be an Afs forty years longer.

Sir Co. You are a rude fellow, and you are ill-bred—and I'll revenge my felf on you all, as far as my Sword and my Wit can go—

Leo. Wit—ha! ha—

(all laugh)

Sir Co. Very fine manners this—my Coach—Madam, you may follow your own occasions—I have none with an Old Woman. (to the Aunt.)

Au. You are a Coxcomb.

Sir Co. Your Servant—my Coach—

Leo. Must I lose you *Sir Courtly*—stop Theif—stop Theif—

Sir Co. Oh! your Servant—my Coach you Dogs—

(Exit.)

Vio. Come my Lord, I see Patience in your Face, all may be well yet.

Sur. How! Jilting already?

Vio. Promise I shall enjoy all and singular the Priviledges, Liberties, and immunities of an *English* Wife.

Bell. All.

Vio. That is to say, Ramble, Rant, Game, Dress, Visit, Prate, Ogle, Kifs—and—

Bell. Hold—hold—whether the Devil is she running: Kifs, kifs—and—stop for Heavens sake.

Vio. Kifs, and before your Face; is it not the prerogative of an *English* Wife?

Surly, I owe thee a reward for Service, kifs me.

Bell. That's not to be borne.

Vio. *Surly*, I am thy Wife.

Bell. Hold—hold—for Heavens sake—do not use me thus?

Vio. Then do not Rebel, but practise obediently, the postures of an *English* Husband, before you are Lified; Poise your Hat, draw your left Leg backward, bow with your Body, and look like an Afs, whilest I kifs like a Wife—*Surly* kifs me.

Bell. If he does—

(lays his Hand on his Sword.)

Sur. With all my Heart. If I kifs thee, let the Devil Marry thee.

(he offers to kiss her, and she gives him a box o' th' Ear.)

Vio. And the Devil kifs thee, cou'dst thou think any Woman wou'd suffer thy face to come near her, but some Dairy Maid, to curdle her Milk?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

(all laugh.)

Sur. Hoh! hoh! What a society o' Gotam's are here, to laugh at a Man for missing a woman? had I married her, as my Lord *Wise-acre* intends to do, I had deserv'd to ha' been laught at, for a Coxcomb, and a Cuckold, as he will be in few days.

Vio. How?

Sur. Ay, you are all Whores, Pox on you, all Whores.

(Ex.)

Enter Hothead and all the Servants.

Hor. Did you send for us?

Bell. Yes, do you see where my Sister is?

Hor. By what witchcraft was this?

Vio. Do not you remember a Vizard you turn'd out o' Doors?

Hor. Was it you?

Leo. Even the same.

Hor.

Hor. Then you deserve to be turn'd out o' Doors again.

Bell. But what do you deserve Sir ? that not only turn'd my Sister out o' Doors— but let Mr. *Testimony*— pick her up for a Wench.

Hor. Oh ! Dog—— oh ! Rogue——

Tef. I am no Rogue—— a Man may fall, and be Godly in the main—— I am fatisfied in my Spirit, I am a Godly Man——

Hor. Here's a Rogue——Sirrah——Sirrah—— (*beats and kicks Tef.*)

Tef. Persecution——Persecution——*Papist*——do——kick the Godly, kick the Protestants out o' th' Kingdom——do *Papist*——I see what you wou'd be at—— (*Ex.*)

Bell. So Cousin now I have done with spyes——you may follow your own business, if you have any——

Hor. Business ? yes I have business, and will have business as long as there is a *Fanatick* in the Kingdom, and so farewell—— (*Ex.*)

Bell. I am now convinced, Virtue is a Womans only guard. If she be base Metal, to think by Chimistry, to turn her into Gold,

*Is a vain dream of what we never see,
And I'll proclaim to all——It cannot be.*

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

F I N I S.

A S O N G to be Sung in Dialogue between a Man and a Woman in the Third Act, to Sir Courtly Nice, at his first appearance.

Man.

O H ! be kind, my Dear, be kind,
Whilst our Loves and we are Young.
We shall find, we shall find
Time will change the Face or Mind ;
Both will not continue long.
Oh ! be kind, my Dear, be kind.

Woman.

No, I Love, and fear to loose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you,
When I've yielded you my Crown
You'll no more Obedience own.
No, I Love, and fear to loose you
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you.

Man.

The Fair by kindness Reign,
By cruelty Destroy.
If you can Charm with the Pain
Of Love, then what can you do with the Joy ?
The Fair by kindness Reign,
By cruelty Destroy.

Woman.

I fear to yield but cannot deny.

Man.

If you do not I shall die.

Woman.

So shall I.

Both.

So shall I.

Chorus

together. } Then come to Joy——come to Joy,
Better Love than we shou'd die.
Come to Joy, come to Joy.

A Song.

A Dialogue Sung between an *Indian* Man and Woman, in the Fourth Act, to Farewel, *Violante*, *Crack*. Being an imatation of a Song, Sung by some Natives of *India*, before the late King.

Man.

T *How lovely Indian Sea of Charms,*
I'd envy no Jaw-waw ali-e
Might I be so, blest to dive
In thy soft yielding Arms
With Jimminy, Gomminy, whee-whee, whee.
With a Gomminy, Jimminy-whee.

Woman.

I won'd if you'd be true,
But when you've done
You'll be gone,
And threw me of with a Shoo-shooh, shooh.
And a huff pooh,
And a fush whooh,
And a migotty, magotty, migotty, magotty,
Migotty, magotty, shooh.

Man.

No, no, my other Females all
Yellow, Fair or Black,
To thy Charms shall prostrate fall,
As every kind of Elephant does
To the White Elephant Buitenacke:
And thou alone shalt have from me
Jimminy, Gomminy, whee, whee, whee,
The Gomminy Jimminy, whee.

Woman.

The great Jaw-waw that Rules our Land,
And pearly Indian Sea
Has not so absolute Command,
As thou hast over me.
With a Jimminy Gomminy, Gomminy
Jimminy, Jimminy Gomminy, whee.

Both

Thou alone shalt have from me
Jimminy Gomminy, Gomminy,
Jimminy, Jimminy Gomminy,
Whee, whee, whee, whee, whee, whee.

